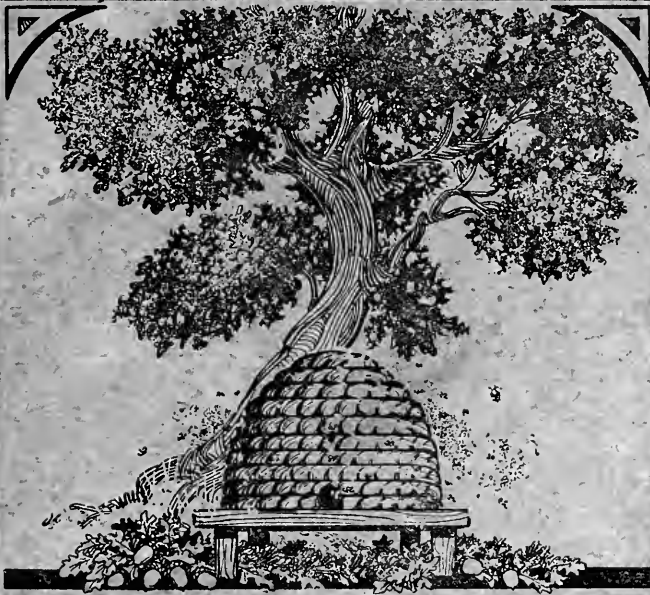


Improvement Era

Vol. XXII

MARCH, 1919

No. 5



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
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Theodore Roosevelt, American

On learning of the death of Theodore Roosevelt, the press of the country pronounced him "more typically American than any other man that ever lived in America," "the most respected American," "the great composite American of his day and generation."

As a proof, here is a page of his Americanisms:

"A man to be a good American, must be straight, and he must also be strong."

"Leadership is of avail only so far as there is a wise and resolute public sentiment behind it."

"The worst foes of America are the foes to that orderly liberty without which our republic must speedily perish."

"If a man does his work in a slipshod fashion, then, no matter what kind of work it is, he is a poor American citizen."

"This government is not and never shall be government by a plutocracy. This government is not and never shall be government by a mob."

"Any man who says he loves the country from which he came as well as this country, is no better than the man who loves another woman as well as he loves his wife."

"Never forget that law and the administration of law, important though they are, must always occupy a wholly secondary place as compared with the character of the average citizen himself."

"We are not for the poor man as such, nor for the rich man as such. We are for every man, rich or poor, provided he acts justly and fairly by his fellows, and if he so acts, the Government must do all it can to see that inasmuch as he does no wrong, so he shall suffer no wrong."

"Certain representatives of labor called upon me and in the midst of a very pleasant conversation, told me that they regarded me as 'the friend of labor.' I answered that I certainly was, and that I would do everything in my power for the laboring man *except anything that was wrong*. I have the same answer to make to the business man. I will do everything I can do to help business conditions, except anything that is wrong."

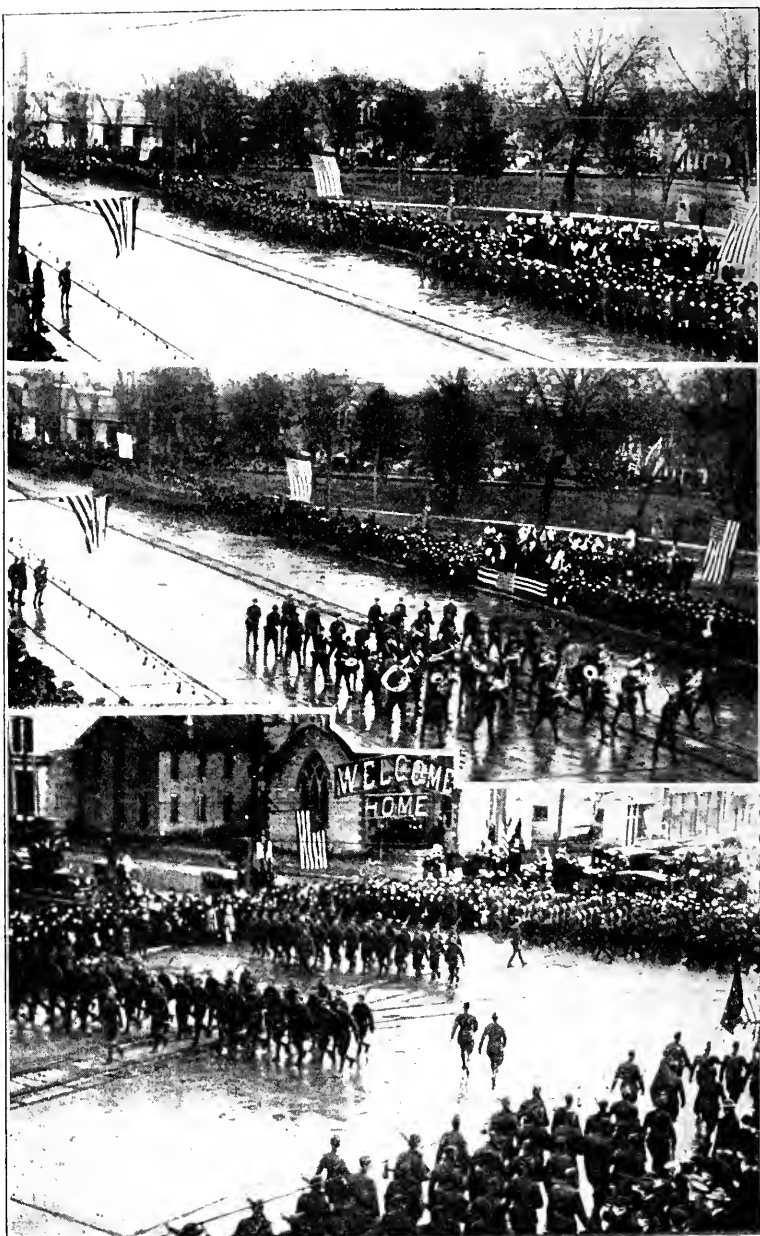
"We can just as little afford to follow the doctrinaires of an extreme individualism as the doctrinaires of an extreme socialism. Individual initiative, so far from being discouraged, should be stimulated; and yet we should remember that, as society develops and grows more complex, we continually find that things, which once it was desirable to leave to individual initiative, can, under the changed conditions, be performed with better results by common effort. It is quite impossible, and equally undesirable, to draw in theory a hard-and-fast line which shall always divide the two sets of cases."

From his last message, read on January 5, the night before he died, at a meeting of the American Defense Society, in New York, we read:

"Any man who says he is an American but something else also, isn't an American at all."

"We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile."

"We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."



THE 145TH F. A. AT LOGAN, UTAH

Scenes at the review before the Governor, State Legislature, and the Trustees of the Utah Agricultural College Saturday, January 18, 1919

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXII

MARCH, 1919

No. 5

The "Word of Wisdom" Viewed in the Light of Modern Science

By J. E. Greaves, Ph.D., Chemist and Bacteriologist, Utah Agricultural College

Joseph Smith gave to the world, on February 27, 1833, a set of principles to govern the temporal acts of man. These were given not as a command but as counsel, and certain blessings were promised to those who obeyed. This, the so-called "Word of Wisdom," contains the following principles:

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him."

"And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and it is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

"And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.

"And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man.

"Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.

"Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly;

"And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

"All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth.

"And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger.

"All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground.

"Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

"And all saints who remember to keep and to do these sayings, walking in

obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow in their bones.

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

It is not my purpose at this time to go into a detailed analysis of the prevailing belief at the time this was given, but suffice it to say that it was about as far from the accepted facts as one could get. With this in mind, let us examine some of these principles in the light of modern science.

The Use of Wine and Strong Drink Not Good

The first principle—wine or strong drink is not good as a beverage—is surely not gotten from the teaching of 1833, for Edward Everett Hale tells us, in his *A New England Boyhood*, of the common practice of serving wine at children's parties about the year 1830! He further states that when the "Franklin medals" were annually awarded to Boston school boys, a banquet and entertainment was provided from which the youths departed in a tipsy condition. At this date alcohol was almost universally prescribed for every disease, but today it is difficult to find a physician who orders it for his patients to any great extent, and the bill for alcoholic liquors in the best hospitals is almost zero.

By some it was considered necessary to have one's liquor to steady the nerve, to quicken the intellect, so that he might do his work and do it well. But this idea was exploded by the eminent Austrian surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, when declining wine at a banquet tendered to him in New York a few years ago. He said, "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers, which I must keep on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."

Fifty years ago alcohol was considered as a valuable food, and Lewes, in his *Physiology of Common Life*, tells us how a convention of total abstainers once gathered in Germany, in the city of Frankfurt, and how the cooks in the hotel in which the delegates lodged were worked as never before to supply the pastry and pudding ordered by these strange patrons. The guests for whom the table was usually set were accustomed to supply with alcohol a want which the teetotalers met with carbohydrates.

It was thought by the defenders of the use of alcohol that

they had scored a real victory when Atwater and Benedict, in 1899, announced that alcohol may be oxidized in the body with the liberation of energy. These results have been interpreted by some as indicating alcohol to be a food, whereas others deny this. Moreover, Miura, in similar experiments, found that alcohol is not a food, but actually increased the destruction of body tissues, and it is from these that extra energy is obtained. It is not enough to prove that energy is liberated, but it must be shown to be energy which is economically utilized by the body. Morphine is oxidized in the body in order to protect the body from its poisonous effect, but no one would contend, therefore, that morphine is a food.

Alcohol paralyzes the vasomotor system and causes dilation of the cutaneous vessels and increases loss of heat. This gives a sensation of warmth, hence the idea that alcohol warms the body. But the thermometer tells us that the internal temperature of the body has actually dropped. In Ross's Antarctic expedition, spirits were found deleterious to the men; they were more fatigued and colder after a drink than before, and the drinkers were more liable to scurvy than the abstainers. The experience of the Hudson Bay Company was similar, and they excluded it from their provisions.

Less work is performed by those who drink even small quantities than by those who abstain from its use. Tibbles states that at Uxbridge 23,000,000 bricks were made in one year. The average number made by beer drinkers was 760,000, and the teetotalers 795,000, or 35,131 in favor of the latter. The highest number made by the beer drinkers was 880,000, and by the teetotalers 890,000, leaving 10,000 in favor of the latter. The lowest number made by a beer drinker was 659,000, and by a teetotaler 746,000, or 87,000 in favor of the teetotaler. In a similar comparison with printers, it was found that the average number of letters composed a day was 15.2 per cent less by those who used alcohol.

Truly the users of alcohol are not the ones who "shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint," for in the South African war the use of alcohol was permitted by the British, and Sir F. Trevers, who was with the Ladysmith column, says: "The first men who dropped out of that army of 30,000 were not the tall men, nor the short men, nor the big men; they were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs."

Alcohol in small quantities is an appetizer, but it also decreases the speed of digestion by the salivary, gastric, pancreatic, and intestinal juices. The results obtained by Chittenden and Mendel are instructive in this regard—they found that alcohol in the proportion of 1 to 3 per cent stimulated digestion by a

fraction of 1 per cent, 2 to 3 per cent checked digestion, and 3 per cent reduced digestion 17.6 per cent.

The use of alcohol is a predisposing factor in disease, as seen from the following from Emery's *Immunity and Specific Therapy*:

"The liability of alcoholic subjects to pneumonia and some other infectious diseases is well known, and in them the prognosis is more than usually unfavorable. We have but little knowledge of the action of alcohol in this respect. It may be that it acts as a direct inhibitor of the activity of the leucocytes, and it is known to destroy certain delicate defensive substances which play some part in the defense of the body against microbic invasion, but it is not known whether these effects are actually manifested in the circulating blood. It is also possible that alcohol tends to inhibit the formation of these defensive substances."

Nor is it necessary for the party to be a heavy user of alcohol for this to result, for, to quote the words of Stiles:

"Aside from the habit-forming property, it is becoming more and more widely recognized that alcohol often impairs the health of men who cannot be charged with intemperance. It predisposes to diseases of the heart, liver, and kidneys. It notoriously lessens the chance of survival when the user contracts pneumonia. It makes him an unfavorable subject for surgical operations. By hastening the development of Arteriosclerosis it shortens the period of active and effective life. Insurance examiners are glad when they can record of an applicant that he is a total abstainer."

We are not surprised at this last statement when we find it to be the experience of forty-three American life insurance companies that the mortality of drinkers, who exceed two glasses of beer, or one glass of whisky daily, was eighteen per cent in excess of the standard of mortality. Those giving a history of alcoholic excess in the past had a mortality that was fifty per cent in excess of the standard, and in the moderate, steady drinker the mortality was eighty-six per cent in excess of the standard.

The "destroying angel" does not pass by even the moderate drinker, as may be seen from the following life insurance table based on English statistics:

| Age | Average expectation of life | Moderate drinkers | Total abstainers |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| At 20 expect to live to be..... | 62 | 35 | 64 |
| At 30 expect to live to be..... | 65 | 48¾ | 66½ |
| At 40 expect to live to be..... | 68 | 51½ | 68 |

Or, in other words, it shortens the expectancy of life from sixteen to twenty-nine years.

Just as striking results have been obtained by the American

life insurance companies. If we consider the death rate among insured lives generally of the forty-three largest life insurance companies of America, between the years 1885 and 1908, as 100, the death rate among policy-holders using two glasses of beer or one glass of whisky daily, is 118, that among policy-holders giving history of past intemperance, but apparently cured, is 150, whereas the death rate among policy-holders using more than two glasses of whisky daily, but regarded as temperate and standard risks, 186.

The effect of the use of alcohol is not confined to this generation alone, for, while it has been demonstrated that the communicable diseases are not inherited, the complex effects induced by alcoholism are, that the child must suffer for the sins of the parent.

It has been urged by some writers that "interpretations of the results of alcoholic investigators which are made outside of the source of experimental evidence have been usually so confused by preconceived ideas of the reader as to lead to the most divergent interpretations of one and the same collected data. In general, an interpretation has been the resultant of scientific record plus the personal, ethical opinions of the reader, with the last named factor playing the controlling role." But Dodge and Benedict of the Carnegie institute, of Washington, D. C., published results on the effect of alcohol on the body in which the personal element was reduced to a minimum.

They used the most refined physical methods of measurement known to modern science to determine the effect of alcohol on the body, with the result that one ounce of alcohol was found to decrease the response of the muscles to a stimulus ten per cent, and its ability of doing work forty-six per cent. The accuracy of the eye was decreased from five to nineteen per cent, the speech three per cent, and memory at times fourteen per cent.

In other words, they demonstrated that alcohol, even in small doses, the equivalent of that in two glasses of beer, impaired from five to fifty per cent every movement and sensation of the body. The sight, hearing, memory, speed of action, and endurance, all were greatly impaired.

Tobacco Nearly as Deadly as Alcohol

The second principle enunciated in the "Word of Wisdom" is that tobacco is not good for the human body. Tobacco contains toxic alkaloids known as nicotin, nicotillin, nicotine, nicotianin, and certain bases such as pyridin, picolin, collidin, and others, which are formed during smoking. The use of cigarettes by the young is especially harmful, for they arrest the

natural elimination of waste and hinder the utilization of fresh material. They interfere with the proper growth and nutrition of the body. Their use stimulates an appetite for alcohol, and increases the sexual propensity, and leads to improper sexual practices. Tobacco dulls the memory and intellect, and when a promising student begins to decline in his work, it is almost certain that he has begun the use of cigarettes. The use of tobacco often produces a chronic form of nicotin poisoning with impairment of vision, nervous irritability, or exhaustion, a predisposition to neuralgia, and a peculiar affection of the heart, known as the tobacco heart, characterized by irregularity of the heart sounds, accelerated action, and weakness of the cardiac muscles.

Tobacco in any form may produce a chronic inflammation of the nose, throat, and stomach, and acid dyspepsia. Sleeplessness and even blindness may result from its use. Prof. Seavers' observations on Yale students show that non-smokers make not only the best physical gains in weight, chest measure, and lung capacity, but that ninety-five out of every hundred of the best students were not smokers.

Dr. Mayo, the eminent American surgeon, has called attention to the fact that according to his observations, research scholars who smoke cigarettes have not done well. Dr. Osler states that a man is as old as his arteries. Old age, then, in the true sense of the word, means the hardening of the arteries; and a Russian investigator has proved that smoking causes the hardening of the arteries in lower animals, and there is every reason for believing that the same would be the case with man.

If we are to believe the following vital statistics, published by the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, computed in and covering a period of 60 years, on a body of 180,000 policy-holders, tobacco is nearly as deadly to man as is alcohol:

Rate of Actual to Expected Mortality

| | <i>Abstainers</i> | <i>Rarely Use</i> | <i>Temperate</i> | <i>Moderate</i> |
|--------------|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Tobacco..... | 59% | 71% | 84% | 93% |
| Alcohol..... | 57% | 72% | 84% | 125% |

These are facts which have been brought to light long after the writing of the "Word of Wisdom," but surely they are indictments enough to prove that "tobacco is not good for man."

Hot Drinks and Cancer

Hot drinks are not good. This was stated in the "Word of Wisdom," in 1833. Over half a century after Dr. Mayo said to a gathering of physicians at Baltimore, "I cannot get it out of

my head that the cause of much cancer of the stomach is the drinking of hot drinks."

This undoubtedly includes tea and coffee which "tradition has it that in the remote ages there was a Holy Asiatic Prince who spent his nights in meditation on the infinite. One night his ecstasy was disturbed by sleep. On waking, he was so enraged at his weakness that he cut off his eyelids and flung them on the ground. On visiting the spot some time later he found that where each eyelid fell a small shrub had grown up. He infused the leaves of the shrub, and ever afterwards by simply drinking some of the infusion he was able to keep sleep at bay. That shrub was the tea plant!"

A similar tradition exists concerning coffee:

"In antique days a poor dervish who lived in the valley of Arabia Felix observed a strange hilarity in his goats on their return home every evening. To find out the cause of this, he watched them during the day and observed that they eagerly devoured the blossoms and fruit of a tree which hitherto he had disregarded. He tried the effect of this food upon himself and was thrown into such a state of exultation that his neighbors accused him of having drunk of the forbidden wine. But he revealed to them his discovery and they at once agreed that Allah had sent the coffee-plant to the faithful as a substitute for the wine."

These legends recognize the fact that these beverages may remove the sensation of fatigue, diminish the tendency to sleep, and if taken in excess cause insomnia. This effect is due to the caffeine which these substances contain.

The experiments of Hollingworth are even taken by some as indicating that tea and coffee are beneficial. He, together with several trained workers, gathered data on sixteen subjects (ten men and six women). Hollingworth gave them at intervals gelatin capsules, many of which were blank, while others contained caffeine—the equivalent of that found in two large cups of coffee. The subjects did not know when they received the drug, but ingenious tests were made daily as to speed, dexterity, discrimination and mental alertness of the subject, with the result that when caffeine was taken the work was done more rapidly and with fewer errors than at other times. In the short duration of the experiment the results seemed to indicate that this acceleration was not followed by a reaction in which the work was not accomplished as effectively. Caffeine is not a food and acts as a whip to speed up a fatigued organism, and it has been wisely stated that "a whip is appropriate for the lazy, but not for the tired, horse."

These results take no consideration of the ultimate effect upon the body. Caffeine is nearly related to uric acid, a substance which accumulates in portions of the body in rheumatism, and

it is not impossible that in some cases the one is the antecedent of the other.

Moreover, tea also contains tannin, which inhibits salivary and peptic digestion, ultimately resulting in indigestion, atony, or catarrh of the stomach. Coffee may even be worse than tea, for in some individuals it causes a disturbance of the heart, producing an uncomfortable feeling, the heart becoming intermittent.

Cocoa contains theobromin, which produces physiological effects quite similar to caffeine. Its action on the central nervous system is less pronounced, but its effects upon the muscles, heart, and kidneys, are more pronounced. It contains no tannin, yet the fat disturbs digestion, causing gastric disturbances similar to those produced by tea.

Herbs and Fruits

"All wholesome herbs and fruits are good for man in the season thereof." This contains a vital principle of dietetics which is recognized by but few of the laity even at the present time. Monotony in physical and intellectual work leads to deterioration in mind and body. Likewise, monotony in diet, even though the food be accurately chosen, leads to lowered bodily efficiency, and if continued long results in gastric disturbance. Eggs are valuable in the diet, but no one can continuously use them day after day without bad effects. It is well known that vegetable foods are a necessity, for if they are withheld from the diet the blood becomes impoverished and scurvy results. Moreover, it has been recently demonstrated that green plants contain a pyral group which is nearly related to the red coloring matter of the blood and without it the body is unable to replace the loss resulting from the continual breaking down of the red corpuscles.

Vegetables and Meats

Nor is a strict vegetable diet best for man. Waylen says he was a vegetarian for eight years. Then it dawned upon him that man is somewhat different from the beast; if a monkey can do one thing it does not follow that man does likewise:

"Vegetarians as a rule are not healthy folks. They present either a wizened and emaciated appearance or a tendency to flabbiness. They have a poor circulation and are liable to chills. They suffer from dyspepsia, flatulence, bad breath, and anemia. Their liver and kidneys are commonly affected, and all together there is a want of vitality among them. * * * They burden their stomach with masses of crude stuff, and practically deprive themselves of fat and oil; and they daily grow thin and nervous."

Nor is an exclusive meat diet good, for the flesh of beasts

and fowls is for the use of man, provided it is used sparingly and only in "times of winter, or of cold, or famine." An excessive protein diet throws an extra strain on the kidneys, and this is intensified when the excess is from meat. But the great ill comes from auto-intoxication which results from excessive putrefaction in the intestines, in which there are formed poisons nearly related to but much more potent than carbolic acid. These are absorbed and give rise to hardening of the arteries and nervous disturbances. They result from the action of bacteria upon proteins, and if these poisons be injected into the circulation of lower animals give rise to premature old age.

Metchinikoff and his co-workers have tried for years to combat this by feeding animals acid-forming bacteria. These were sometimes given in tablets; at other times in sour milk, but the results so obtained were not uniform. These results were so variable that Herter considered that we have as yet no proof that sour milk has any influence whatever on the bacterial flora of the large intestines, and also no proof that such an influence would be beneficial rather than injurious to man. But the results are uniformly favorable when meat is largely eliminated from the diet, and Metchinikoff and his followers advocate at the present time the limiting of the meat in the diet for the offsetting of auto-intoxication as is seen from the following: "If one wishes to have the maximum effect (meaning from the use of sour milk), it is necessary for the time being to curtail the use of butchers' meat and substitute fish, yolk of eggs, and other similar foods, not much alcohol should be taken, and smoking might be reduced to a minimum." While Mathews states, "The easiest method of reducing putrefaction is by a strict limitation of the diet, a reduction in the proportion of meat, and a more thorough mastication of that which is eaten."

Moreover, an inquiry carried out by the British Medical Association with regard to centenarians showed that they were very moderate in regard to eating; the majority ate little meat; of thirty-eight who reached extreme old age, there was only one who ate much meat. They were not vegetarians, but they ate meat sparingly.

It is only within the last few years that it has been recognized that meat should be used exceedingly sparingly in warm weather. Carbohydrates and fats, if taken in excess, can be stored in the body for future use, but an excess of protein taken is split and then oxidized with the liberation of heat and energy, and this excess heat may materially raise the temperature of the body; and hence, in hot weather cause bodily discomfort. Just to quote one experiment: Rubner found that the eating of two-thirds of a pound of lean meat by a dog increased the calories of heat given off from 56 to 83 calories, a difference of 27

calories. Lusk, in commenting on these results, states: "Much meat on a hot day would, therefore, seem contradictory."

"Wheat for Man"

Of the principal grains only the one, "wheat for man," will be considered at the present time. The proteins which compose the tissues of animals and plants are made up of blocks or so-called amio-acids, the number and kind varying with the different proteins. The plant possesses the power of building these up by aid of light from the substances obtained from water, air, and soil. But animals must obtain their amio-acids either directly or indirectly from plants, and if they are not all contained within the food the animal either stops growing or dies as the case may be, depending upon the specific block which is missing. No grain contains them all in the right proportion for the production of animal tissue, but this condition is more nearly met with in the case of wheat than the other staple grains. Wheat, with its normal proteins—gliadin and glutenin,—completely suffices for the growth of animals, whereas corn with its two proteins—glutenin and zein—will produce only moderate growth. Rye and oats are even less efficient than corn. Moreover, these latter two are lacking in a fat like vitamine which is found in the corn and wheat, as shown by McCollum and Davis, who gave to rats a standard diet without any fat. In from twenty to twenty-five weeks the animals were brought to the threshold of death. Then, on adding to this diet, the different grains the following results were obtained:

Cornmeal—surprising recovery and growth.

Wheat embryo—recovery and growth.

Entire wheat kernel—recovery, no growth.

Rye—little or no improvement.

Oats—little or no improvement.

We recognize certain nutritional diseases associated with the extensive use of many grains. For instance, beriberi from rice, and pellagra from corn—but none have ever been attributed to wheat.

Truly has science demonstrated that the individuals who obey the principles enunciated in the "Word of Wisdom" shall receive health—be physically strong, and "the destroying angel shall pass by them," and it is well known that the mind can only do its best when in a clean, strong, healthy body, and hence, "they shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures."

It is doubtful whether man after eighty-five years of productive research could formulate rules more fitted to produce these ends than are contained in the "Word of Wisdom."

Logan, Utah

"Retreat? Hell!"

The Inspiring Achievement of Our Marines at Chateau-Thierry

(Reprinted in the *Improvement Era*, by permission, from January *Cosmopolitan*; copyright, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)

By William Almon Wolff.

At the end of May, 1918, the Germans, having won their great victories of March and April, were sweeping down the valleys of the Oise and the Marne toward Paris. Their purpose—their grandiose plan to end the war—was at last fully revealed. They had smashed Gough's Fifth British Army in Picardy; they had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the weak joint in Flanders where the British and the Portuguese armies met; they had swept the French from the Chemin des Dames. The French, hurling themselves into the breach, had averted the ultimate disaster of separation from the British in the north. But in the little town, which must still be nameless, where the French headquarters were, a depression such as not even the black days of the Verdun attack in 1916 had produced held complete sway.

Here, laboring almost literally night and day in a French hospital, there was an American nurse. Because I may not tell you her true name, I shall call her Mary Standish. War had long since ceased to be a new thing in her experience. She had known trying times before. She had seen France staggering under terrible blows, but recoiling always, shaking a bloody head and uttering the immortal, defiant cry of the men of Verdun: "They shall not pass!"

Now it was different. When, for a little space, she was free from her work in the wards of pain, ominous, low-toned talk came to her ears. Could nothing stop the Germans? It seemed not. They were coming on. Every hour the thunder of their guns was louder. Every hour the gray wave came nearer. French officers, weary-eyed, exhausted, shrugged their shoulders. Paris was doomed. All the lives that Ypres had cost had been wasted, for the Channel ports, too, must go. And when men talked of a new line—beyond Paris—of a reorganization in the south of France and of waiting for Pershing and his Americans to be ready, they were greeted with tired, patient, pitiful looks. The end was near. France had made her last effort. She had given all she had to give, lost all she had to

lose. And her all was not enough. Help might be coming—but it would come too late. Mary Standish remembered a speech Lloyd-George—some one said it was Lloyd-George—had made, in which he had said that the epitaph of the war would be those tragic words: "Too late."

A gloom, a depression such as she had never known, weighed down the spirits of Mary Standish. Hope had died. The wounded? The sight of them, as she ministered to them, the heroism with which they bore their indescribable agonies tore her as keenly as on the first day of her work in a war-hospital. But it was not the wounded who depressed her. She had grown accustomed to them. It was the hopelessness of staff-officers, of the men who knew—who could read the inner meaning of the ever-growing roar of battle that never ceased, who understood the tragic significance of the communiques that told of the ever-receding line of the fighting.

The order came for the evacuation of the hospital. Mary Standish saw the men who were in her charge into the ambulances that were to carry them further from the front. Her own orders took her to Chateau-Thierry—Chateau-Thierry, spanning the Marne, the sacred Marne, where Joffre had, as men had for four terrible years believed, forever turned back the German hordes from Paris and the heart of France.

German shells were falling in Chateau-Thierry when she arrived. A rubble of brick and stone lay in the long main street. And through the town there passed, away from the fighting, toward Paris, a stream of camions, of guns, of wounded men who were able to make their slow way rearward. The French were in retreat. Already, in the brief space of Mary Standish's journey from the headquarters town, there had come a vital, a terrible, an ominous change. The Germans were coming, swiftly, inevitably. A new battle of the Marne was developing, and Mary Standish dared not hope for such a miracle as old Joffre had wrought in 1914.

She went into the new hospital to which she was assigned. She found herself in a shambles—a place of horrors such as all she had seen of this war had failed to teach her to dream this world could hold. For three days and three nights she worked, snatching ten minutes of sleep as she leaned against a wall from time to time. Shells were falling all about. German air-planes, flying overhead, saw the red cross that marked a hospital, and hailed the target joyously. Wounded men came in so fast that there was no hope of caring for all of them. Ambulance after ambulance was waved on at the door, despite the sentence of death that was passed by the gesture upon the men it carried.

The details of those days and nights, Mary Standish will never be able to remember. But when the order for the evacuation came, after three days, she put her hand to her aching head and found that she still wore the sodden, shapeless thing that had been her hat. She went out, staggering, reeling from sheer exhaustion, physical, spiritual, emotional, into the smoke-filled air. The roar of the advancing battle filled her ears. Sun and blue sky were hidden by the smoke of the fires the German shells had lighted in the town. And all about her there was the confusion, the horrid din of a retreat that had become a flight.

French guns went rumbling by. Poilus, blood-stained bandages about their heads, stole rides upon their carriages. And, heads bowed upon their breasts, other men plodded on, utterly spent and weary, holding their places grimly in the clogged road that led to what might still, for a few hours or days, be deemed to be safety.

Mary Standish caught her breath in horror and sheer pity at the things she saw. She went out of Chateau-Thierry toward Paris in an ambulance. It was a flight, not a retreat, that she saw—and saw for the first time. Rifles that had been flung away lay all along the road, packs, all the impedimenta that soldiers carry. Her mind flew back to Zola's description of the *debacle* of 1870. These Frenchmen had given up. They had done their best, had given to the utmost, and, in spite of them, the Prussian was to have his way. And—she knew these men. She had lived with them, nursed them, seen them suffer and die for this France of theirs that now they were ready to yield to the invader. She had seen them suffer, without a cry, agonies such as men had never, since time began, been called upon to bear.* She knew the quality of their heroism; she knew them as men of the same breed as those who at Verdun had faced steel with their bared breasts, who, on the summit of Mount Kemmel, in April, had fought until the last man died.

And now these men—these Frenchmen whom she loved, whom she put above all the men she had ever known or dreamed of, by reason of what she knew of them—had given up. They had fought their fight. Mary Standish's head sank. Sobs shook her; tears blinded her so that she could not look before her and see what might be upon the Paris road.

And then she roused herself. She was conscious, suddenly, of a change in the appearance of the Frenchmen who were pressing on, away from Chateau-Thierry. They had ceased to plod along, wearily, steadily, as the men a quarter of a mile behind had done. They began to gather in little groups and stare along the road. The ambulance stopped, drew up beside the road, leaving a clear space.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, donc?" she asked the driver wearily.

"Sais pas, mam'selle," he answered. "I don't know. An order—"

They had stopped at a bend in the road. The highway stretched on, rising to the crest of a little hill, and Mary Standish, her eyes obeying the impulse given by those about her, stared toward the crest. The road, as it rose, was still clogged with troops. But now officers began to clear it. The men were herded to the sides of the road. Camions drove into the ditch. Some strange thing was in prospect. But it was her ears, not her eyes, that first gave Mary Standish a clue.

She heard singing beyond the crest of the hill. Incredible, she started to her feet, her hands caught to her breast, and stared. Frenchmen did not sing so. And then her staring eyes saw a drab wave break over the crest of that hill and come pouring down as a comber breaks over a rock. The sun shone down upon rifle-barrels. And on the drab wave swept. Another wave came—first, a wave of sound. Mary Standish's breath came in great choking gasps as she listened and stared. And now she could hear the words:

"Send the word, send the word
Over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming—"

The roar of the guns from behind continued. But, in spite of their thunder, a sort of awed silence was upon that place, that stretch of the countryside of France. The din of the retreat had died down. Only the rhythmic beat of the marching men and the swelling chorus of the song:

"Over there, say a prayer;
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over; we're coming over,
And we won't be back till its over over HERE!"

Mary Standish stood up and screamed. She waved her arms. On came the column of men in olive drab. She could see the faces of the men of her own race and breed now—clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, confident, alert. And young—so young, and fresh. Behind her came the roar of a racing motor. A car sped up. A French staff-officer, his face white, drawn, lined with care and weariness, sprang out. He approached an American officer upon whose shoulder-strap there was a silver leaf. Mary Standish heard their words.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Wise," said the Frenchman, saluting, "of the United States Marines?"

"Yes, sir," said Colonel Wise, returning the salute. But, though he had paused, the marines went on, singing.

"You are welcome, Colonel. You are in time to cover the retreat. I am instructed to request you to hold the Germans, when you get in touch with their advance, as long as you can. You will then retreat to the trenches we shall have prepared for you."

"Retreat?" said Wise. "Retreat?" Hell! We've just come. We'll let the *boches* do the retreating!"

Mary Standish thinks she screamed again. Brown-faced boys looked at her and grinned and waved their hands. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks. And then she found herself joining, in a sort of croak, the chorus of the song:

"The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
Over there, say a prayer;
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over; we're coming over,
And we won't go back till it's over over HERE!"

And now, all about her, marvelous things were happening to the souls of men. Shoulders were straightening. And, here and there, *poilus* were stooping to retrieve abandoned rifles, were slipping into the olive-drab ranks that opened to admit a splash of the horizon blue. And the marines went on—went forward, singing, boasting, toward the hell she had been leaving.

Swiftly they passed. Eight thousand of them there were—she had learned to reckon the numbers of marching columns of troops. Pitifully few—yes! But she was sure of them, as, suddenly, mysteriously, the French were sure of them. They were going to stop the Germans, to make the *boches* do the retreating, as Wise had promised they would. Her eyes strained after them, melting into the long road, long after the ambulance had resumed its journey. Her eyes and her heart and her prayers followed them. She wished, as never in all her life before she had wished for anything, that she might see and know what they would do.

The marines went on. Singing, marching to the lilt of their song, they went on. And near the little town of Meaux they came into contact, for the first time, with the Germans. They had sped a hundred and twenty-five miles from Verdun in the night, in great motor-trucks, to reach this field. And they had come at the fifty-ninth minute of the last hour. If they did not stop the Germans, the Germans would not be stopped. Paris would fall, and, with Paris, the Germans would hold the heart and soul of France. France, in 1914, might have survived the loss of Paris—in 1918, the fall of Paris would mean the fall of France.

Off to the right were supporting batteries of seventy-fives, manned by Americans of two regiments of field-artillery. But

the work that lay ahead was work for infantry, not guns. And it was the marines, the Fifth and Sixth Marines, the commands of Catlin and of Neville—both of whom, for what they did near Chateau-Thierry, are now brigadier generals—upon whom the fate of Paris and of France and of the world depended.

It was the first day of June. That day must never be forgotten. Upon it the sun rose in gloom and black disaster. The end was at hand. But the sun set that night upon a world redeemed.

The marines spread out in a thin skirmish line. They held their fire with rifles and with their machine guns. The Germans came on, serene, confident, blatant in their arrogance and pride of conquest. And then the marines began to fight. Time after time the Germans rushed, only to be sent staggering back, seared, withered. They came to grips, and the marines, blistering their hands with the hot barrels of their rifles, beat them back with the butts of their guns. The work was too close, too hot, even, for the bayonet.

Those marines, those "devil-dogs"—"*Teufelhunde*," the Germans named them that day—did not know how to fight in the German way. A score of times they were beaten, wiped out, and lacked the brains to know it. They fought on. And, at last, the Germans gave before them—swayed, broke, fell back. And the marines went on. They drove the Germans, incredulous, dazed, before them.

Three days there were in which Catlin and Neville and their marines held that new Thermopylæ. Eight thousand of them went into that fighting—and *six thousand two hundred of them were hit!* Catlin and Neville were both wounded. But they saved Paris, and, with Paris, France and the world!

For all along the front the word of what the marines had done went blazing. The Yanks had come! These were the Americans, of whom such hopes had been had. If eight thousand Americans could fight like that, what could not a million accomplish?

Victory had been snatched from defeat. Dawn had followed, indeed, the darkest hour of the night. Paris was safe. The French had gained the time they needed to recoil.

In the days that followed, glory was piled upon glory for the marines. They won Belleau Wood, in the outskirts of Chateau-Thierry—Belleau Wood, known now, and forever to be known, as the "Wood of the American Marines." They played their deathless part in the great advance that began on July 18th, when Foch began his great series of victories.

But it was on June 1st that the marines saved France and

ended Germany's last chance to win the war. Then victory was trembling in the balance. The Germans had to be stopped—and the marines stopped them and drove them back.

France knows the truth. And France has hailed the survivors of the men who met the Germans that day near Meaux as her saviors. It was on the Fourth of July that Paris strewed her streets with flowers beneath the marching feet of the men who had saved her. And have you heard the tale of how the marines who carried the Stars and Stripes through Paris that day were chosen?

There were three thousand of them, wounded, but still able to be about, pining to get back to the front. They were assembled, and a general spoke to them. He told them that they had done all that could be asked of them, but that now another service still was needed. He told them that this new task called for a heroism such as even they had not displayed, and that it might well be that few of them could survive. And then he asked for volunteers among such of them as were physically fit, despite their wounds, to march.

Twenty-six hundred of them stepped forward from their ranks. Twenty-six hundred out of three thousand—and the others were on crutches!

And then he told them what this new task was. It was to march through Paris on Independence Day and to receive the thanks of the city they had saved.

Success Comes Only Through Honesty

By Joseph S. Peery, Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Liberty Stake

Emerson said: "It is not very important to me that somebody else cheats me, but it is very important to me that I do not cheat somebody else."

A young man may "put it over" another in business once, but he can not do it twice. A dishonest act destroys confidence. The news travels, and every one is afraid to trust a person who has shown himself to be unreliable.

Competition is so keen, young man, that only through honesty can you hope to succeed. Be four-square in all your dealings, and you will get the approval of yourself and the community.

Of greater importance, is Eternal Judgment on our every deed. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. 15:3). The Almighty will not look upon dishonest and unrighteous acts with impunity.

The Boys of the M. I. A.

Faithfully Dedicated to the M. I. A. Boys.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ZERSIA M. NELSON.

Firm march time.

1st Alto.



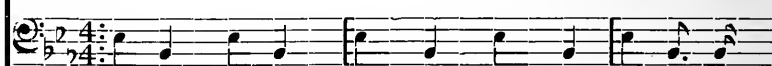
1. We are the boys of the M. I. A., Marching a-
2. We are the boys of the M. I. A., Hap - pi - ness

2nd Alto.

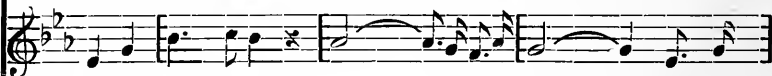


1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Marching a-
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Hap - pi - ness

Bass.



long with hearts so gay; Hear our song, Sweet and strong, Now re-
fills our hearts today, Marching now, On our way, To de-



long with hearts so gay; Joy - fully our song..... Now re-
fills our hearts today, March - ing now a - way..... To de-



1st.

*2nd. To * after D.C.*

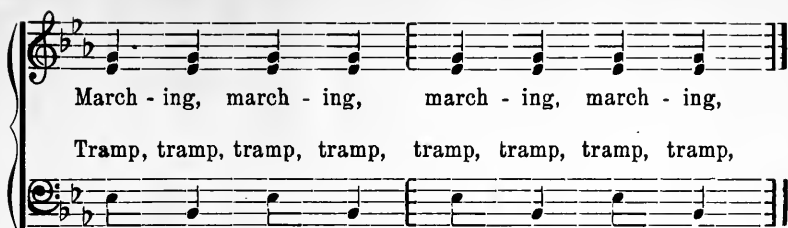


sounds on the air so free. fend the cause we love.

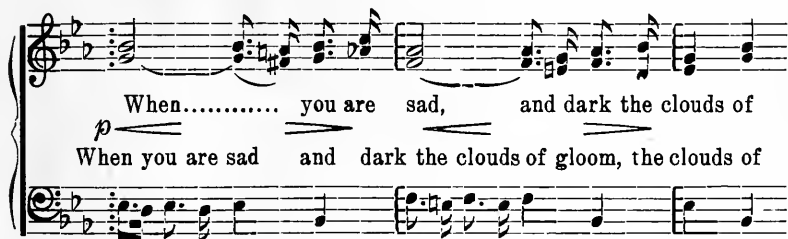


sounds on the air with mel-o-dy. fend the cause we love.

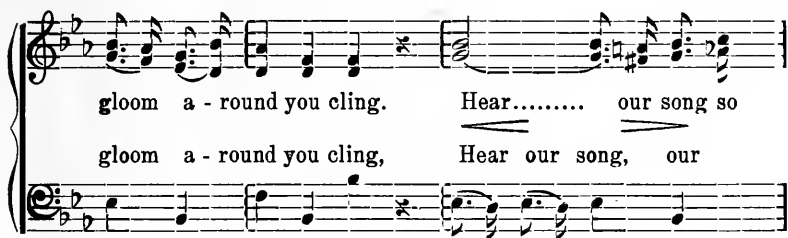




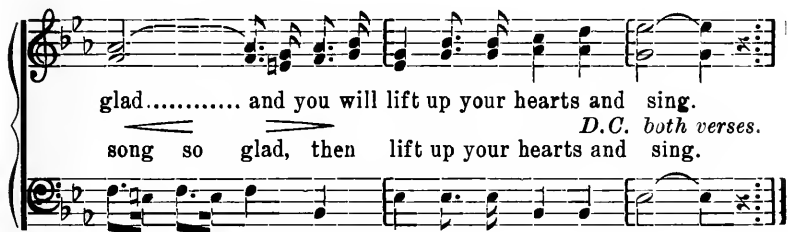
March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, march - ing,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



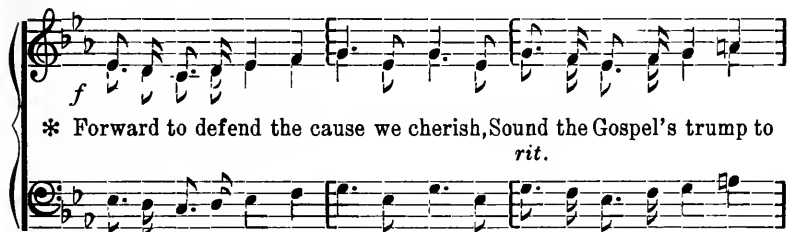
p When..... you are sad, and dark the clouds of
When you are sad and dark the clouds of gloom, the clouds of



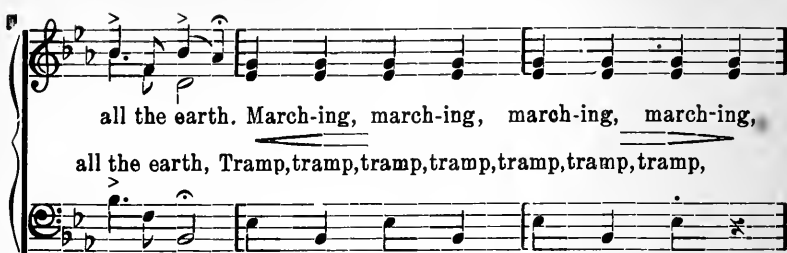
gloom a - round you cling. Hear..... our song so
gloom a - round you cling, Hear our song, our



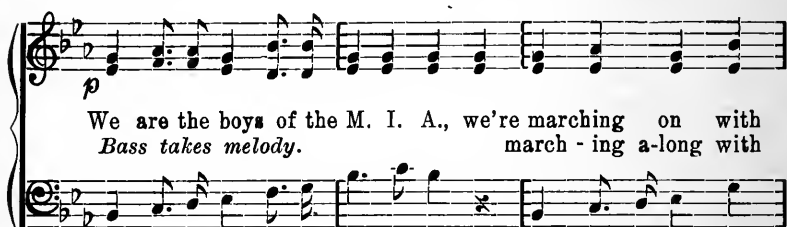
glad..... and you will lift up your hearts and sing.
song so glad, then lift up your hearts and sing. *D.C. both verses.*



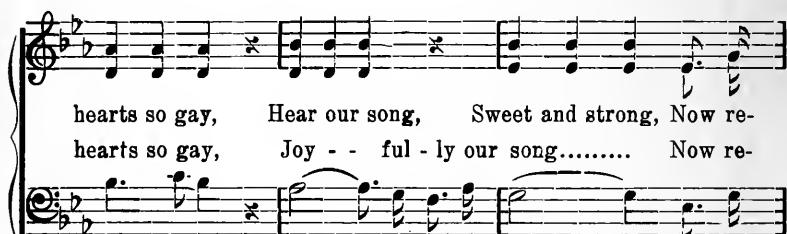
f * Forward to defend the cause we cherish, Sound the Gospel's trump to
rit.



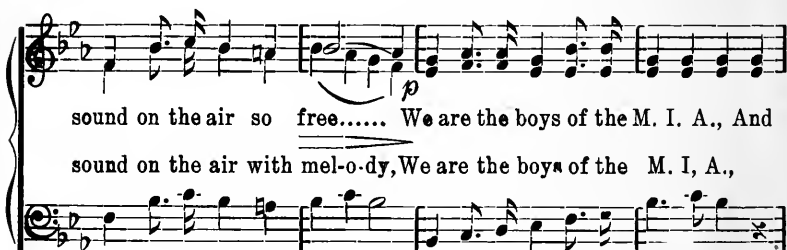
all the earth. March-ing, march-ing, march-ing, march-ing,
all the earth, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



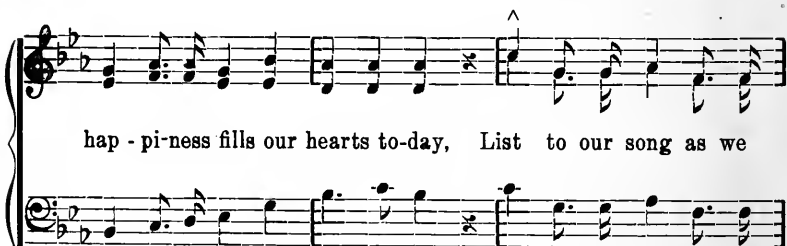
p We are the boys of the M. I. A., we're marching on with
Bass takes melody. march - ing a-long with



hearts so gay, Hear our song, Sweet and strong, Now re-
hearts so gay, Joy - - ful - ly our song..... Now re-



sound on the air so free..... *p* We are the boys of the M. I. A., And
sound on the air with mel-o-dy, We are the boys of the M. I. A.,



hap - pi-ness fills our hearts to-day, List to our song as we

march along, to defend the cause we love, Then a-way, march a-way.

Look Up and be Happy, My Boy

Words by EDWARD H. ANDERSON

Music by EVAN STEPHENS

Met. ♩—132. *f*

Solo.

1. At all this world's crosses and all this world's crowns,
2. When - ev - er the cares of your day shall op - press,
3. Then God will pro-tect you, and all will be well,

*Chorus. f**Solo.*

Look up and be happy, my boy, my boy; Nor heed its sad
 Look up and be truthful, my boy, my boy: Let faith in the
 Look up and be honest, my boy, my boy; His Spir - it shall

Chorus. f

sorrows nor all its dark frowns, Look up and be happy, my
 future your soul still possess, Look up and be happy, my
 weave round about you its spell, Look up and be happy, my

boy, my boy, Look up and be happy, my boy.

The Temple of the Gods

By J. Cecil Alter, Meteorologist, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau

They came out as if to meet the visitors, with their arms affectionately laced across their backs, honeymooning in rhythmic step and laughter, on the brink of this sunken garden of grandeur. They had found their atmosphere; the spirit of this templed transept is the spirit of strange beauty, and its colors are the honeymoon hues.

An older and perhaps less romantic grandson-of-a-pioneer led his mount over to two busy photographers, and gazed in wonder at the extravagant expenditure for photographs on the rim of his summer horse pasture.

"No, sir; I never have paid much attention to it;" he frankly confessed. "It is pretty common to us folks.

"I was born right over behind that cliff in the fields of the town of Tropic—you can see them from here, only three or four miles away. I have trailed stock through here every summer since I could ride a horse, but I have never been off the trail this far in my life until I saw you fellows just now.

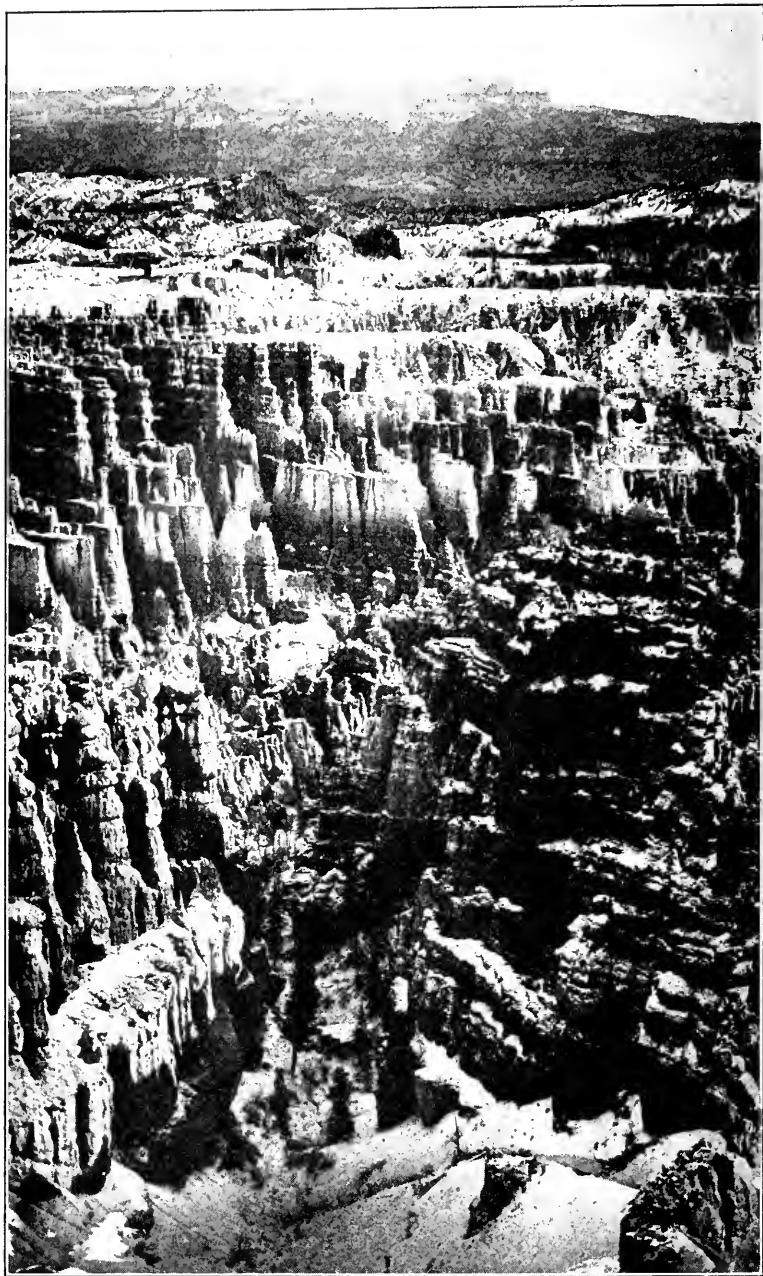
"Yes, it is kind of interesting; rough country for critters off the trail, though, down in there; they used to call it Bryce's Canyon when 'Bill' Bryce ran stock up here, before the government took the pasture over. Mother was born a little further down on the Paria, but she never was here until last summer.

"The Forest Ranger who has had these folks making trails down into the breaks, says autos have come here from California and Chicago, and that lots more will come next year, maybe.

"You haven't seen any fresh horse tracks in the snow, have you?" and he disappeared through the forest.

The visitors were at the edge of a grass-carpeted forest of yellow pines on the rim wall of the Paunsagunt Plateau—the southeasternmost section of the Wasatch Plateau, in extreme south-central Utah—the rim of the Great Basin—overlooking the great geological amphitheatre of the Paria, to Table Cliff Plateau, which mothers the Escalante river, and "stands as a glorious Parthenon upon the summit of a vast Acropolis," according to Dutton.

Away to the southeast for seventy-five miles runs the Kaiparowits Plateau, twin to the Kaibab, ending at the Glen Canyon of the Colorado River. Buttressing this headland, appar-



THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS

View eastward across the principal configuration to Table Cliff Plateau, in far distance, eighteen miles away, across the Paria amphitheatre. Note trees at base of variegated spindles. Narrow, deep alleyways run to the left to the rim wall.

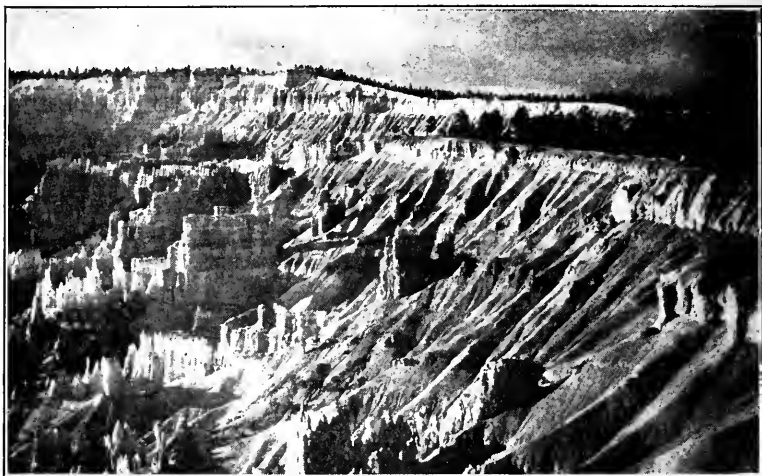


THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS

View through an alleyway from the creeping talus, about midway from the rim; looking south across the principal configuration or amphitheatre. The sun illumines the tops of the pier at the left, while some snow has lodged farther down. Note the figure in the bottom; he is still a hundred feet above the bottom of the amphitheatre.

ently, on the far side of the river near the Crossing of the Fathers, stands Navajo Mountain, eighty-five miles in the line of sight, yet as distinct a figure in the view as the cedar-clad mesa known as the Wah Weap, and the Paria bottoms in the middle distance.

Beneath their feet, filling a frame one-by-three miles in size, lay The Temple of the Gods the forester's name for the most beautiful section of the entire Vermilion Cliff country. "Pink Cliffs" it is designated by the geographer; the "Paunsa-gunt Fault" by the seismologist; the "Cretaceous and Jurassic strata" by the geologist; and the "Miocene and Eocene ages" by the paleontologist.

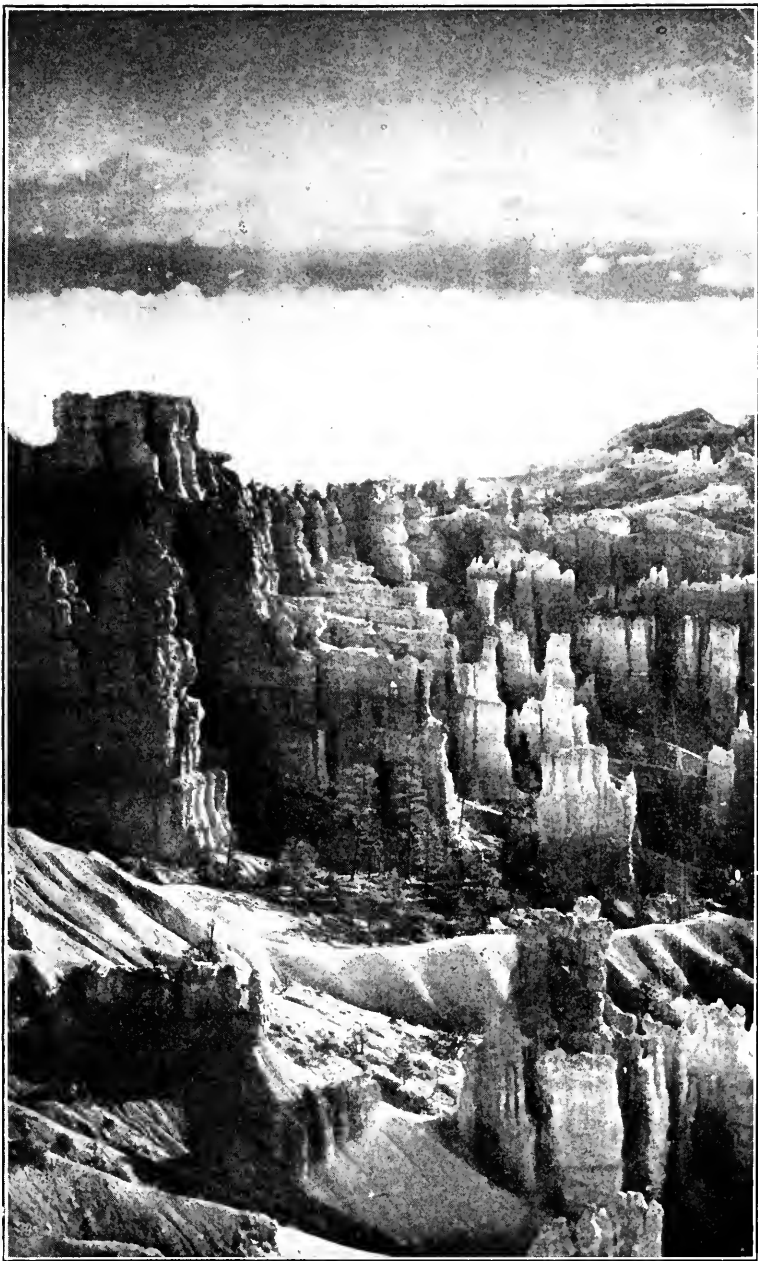


THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS

A general view of the two largest and most southerly amphitheatres—camping sites at right. The variegation is due to illumination; it changes continually in partly cloudy weather.

To the visitors, no appellation would remain appropriate; it would not stay described, for it was kaleidoscopic in color and in apparent form. The cameras drank it in greedily, and the minds of the visitors must have readily absorbed the beauty, for it seemed to be such a joyous mental journey they were making.

Through the geologist's eyes they could faintly see the rising of the earth's crust southward to central Arizona, over an area of fifteen thousand square miles, while the waters of a vast Eocene lake carried ten thousand feet of the Tertiary-Cretaceous-Jurassic-Triassic stratas of the earth's veneering into the Pacific by way of the Colorado River.



THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS

The groups of translucent statuary, each figure having bells and collars of different colors. The pines are filtering a silvery light, a cloud hangs low and obscures the distant view.

At the visitor's feet is the selva of this enormous erosion area; the sinuous, abrupt rim wall, the broad, creeping talus apron, and through this the field of obelisks, pilasters, pillars, towers, entablatures, kiosks and other architectural features in great variety and variegation.

The colors would not stay named more than a few minutes on a partly cloudy day; the native brown, ochre, pink, or gray of the mass of marl, becomes bronze, yellow, white, salmon, orange rose and red under the changing light like the desert chameleon. And because of the high albedo, or reflecting power, of the walls and surfaces, illuminating the shady sides of adjacent figures from unseen light sources, a weird translucency results, in which the observer sees a slender column begin to brighten, then to glow, then turn red hot, and then cool off in the cloud shadow. Figures in the line of reflected light cast ghostly shadows into the livid translucency of the pillars and walls; and the direct sun will gild the edge of a round column in pure gold.

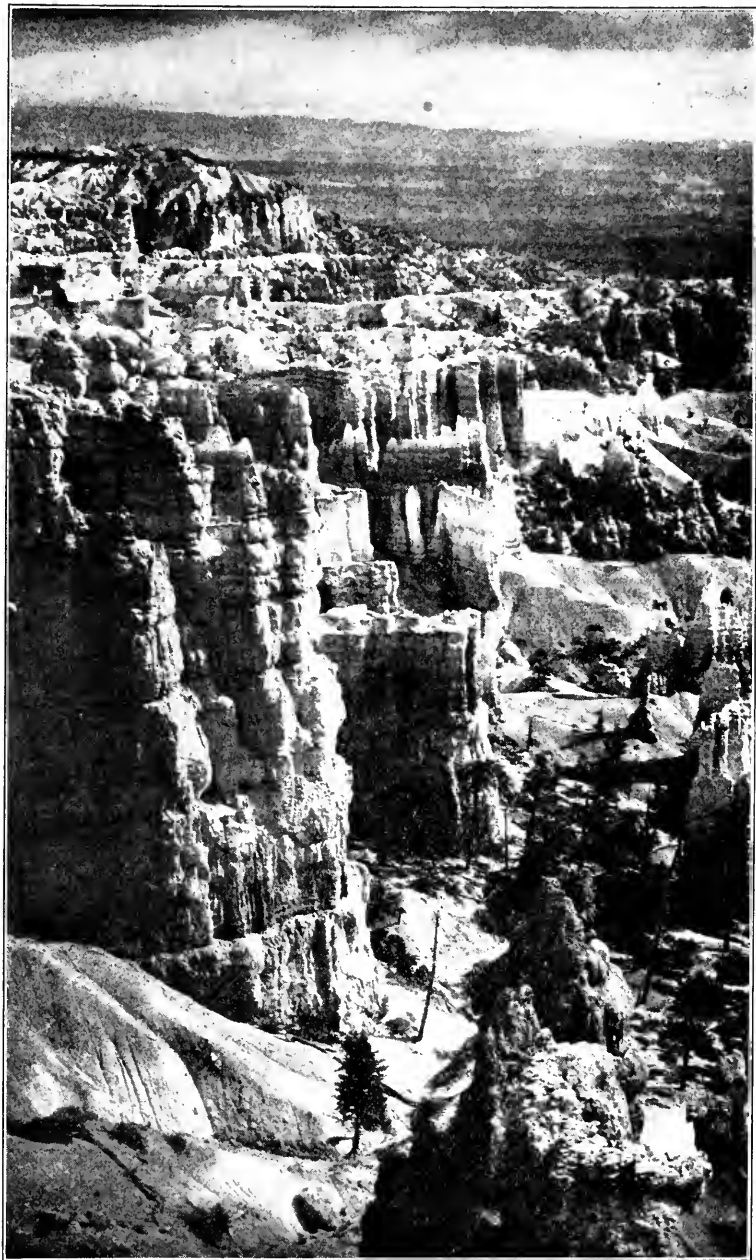
Giant fingers of red amidst the pigmy pines suddenly become monster bananas or marshmallows in the light; and shaded groups of statuary become living models of exquisite beauty as a searching light shaft between the clouds from the sun singles out the features on this stage of pantomimics, and it commands attention like a brass band in a circus.

The decorative, graceful, tufted yellow pine trees; the brilliant, reddish evergreen manzanita kinnikinic and the bashful squirrel-tail pine, standing about on the soft talus slopes and in the bottoms, make fine contrast with the yellow, ochre or gray background as seen from above, and they become the daintiest and rarest of filagree.

Descending into the semi-sacred region on a thin layer of melting snow, the visitors gather great "gobs" of the clayey paint on their feet; and as they trail desecratingly across the great Artist's color palette, it is seen how very much cosmetic is required to maintain the scenery in such extremely ladylike daintiness and purity of complexion.

Here one sees a candy kitchen of creamy cones, marshmallow fingers, translucent jellies, and paste-like pinnacles; and there an art group of roughly-finished statuary—cloaked nuns stand silently in white groups amidst the bronze busts of famous men; entire families stand in reverence about the statues of departed ones; and even the dissolving talus creeps downward from such as these in respectful silence—no loose and bounding rocks to break in upon the vespers.

Here and there tall khaki-clad sentinels bravely rise above all the rest to watch; and scattered about are lifelike busts com-



THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS

View eastward across the Paria and the Wah Weap, the day before snow came, November 16, 1918; a study in variegation, erosion and dissolution.

parable to those of noted men that arise in the minds of the beholder. Arches and peep-holes appear beneath the architraves and in the thinner walls high aloft, as if to accommodate the standing figures who might wish to see and could not move from their pedestals. And surmounting an isolated spindle, three hundred feet from the eye and at the same elevation, yet two hundred feet from the bottom, a tiny, yellow pine tree, like a giant feather in a feminine hat, waves in glorified, if uncertain, existence.

In the newer, and more circular amphitheatres, a honey-combing or selective erosion has left sunless alleyways a few feet wide and around two hundred feet in depth, radiating from the rim to a central "echorium," if a word may be coined from the phenomenon observed; and the bottom regions of this labyrinth lay in almost perpetual night or twilight.

On top of columns and narrow pier-like walls there are many insecurely balanced rocks, as if left there playfully on top of one another two or three deep, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet from the shadowy bottoms—tricks of the world's workmen in a mischievous mood.

Too soon the sun kisses the winter grazing lands of the Wah Weap a good afternoon, and then a good evening; and, after gilding the tops of the Temple's highest spires, a good night to all. Feminine figures that looked up and smiled all day, droop in solemnity as the evening shadows come; and the child rejoicing at her side enacts the "Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Music that filled the day breezes, across the glittering abysses, become the duller dying notes of the night—all so very like the temporary separation of the honeymooners, to strengthen the bond of affection in silent contemplation.

The Forest Service has built six thousand feet of foot-trails through the more scenic of the Temple's ways, and developed a supply of drinking water. Arrangements have also been made for campers, even the Wylie Way permanent camps for the summer; and with an easy automobile road through Red Canyon to the rim, only eighteen miles from the Salt Lake-to-Grand Canyon highway, due east from a point seven miles south of Panguitch, Garfield county, this new-old feature of a world in the making is unveiled.

Twilight in Mariposa Grove

By Alfred Lambourne

There was no mistaking them. So lofty their stature, so great their girth, these were surely the culmination of our quest. One by one we passed them by, these hoary chronicles of departed time. Whichever way we turned, our eyes were greeted with a sight of one or more of this concourse of giants. We gazed in astonishment, for the effect was superb. When we were at such points in the grove as brought a number of the vast trees into our view, then it was, indeed, like standing in the nave of some majestic cathedral. The ground on which the trees stand rises and falls in broken hillocks, and one of the finest scenes in the grove was first to meet our gaze. This was where a murmuring stream comes down a shallow glen, and two of the mighty ones mingle their foliage above it, the waters of the stream keeping eternally green the moss and ferns at their feet.

Men of science, statesmen, warriors, heroes of Indian lore, have furnished names for the more important trees and they, in return for the loan, in many cases, have rescued, for a few more years at least, the memory of those whose deeds are beginning to fade already into the mists of oblivion.

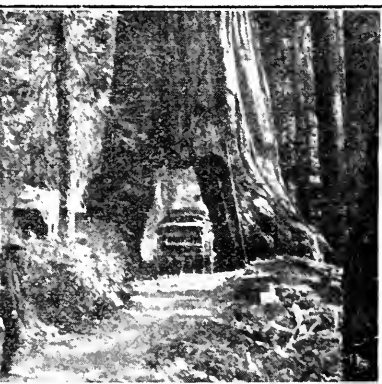
And among these trees, a remnant of his tribe, wanders the decrepit and bewildered Mariposa.

The Big Trees belong to the species known as the *Sequoia gigantea*. In the way of comparison there is nothing else so like these tree-trunks in shape and size as a lighthouse like Bell Rock or the Eddystone. But this is a backhanded comparison, for we know that it was a tree-trunk that suggested the form of the last named building. The bark has a red, burnt-sienna tinge, and, in many instances, the yellow Spanish moss so prevalent in the Sierra Nevada covers a large portion of their trunks and limbs. The Indians formerly built their camp-fire at the base of the trees and to this habit is due the death of many a stalwart one. Pluto's Chimney is a tree whose core was burned out centuries ago. Dry rot is working against the trees, too. They moulder away first at their hearts. The fallen Father of the Forest is an example of this. Not wishing to go into detail concerning the heights and circumferences of the Big Trees, I will mention only the dimensions of two of the largest in the grove. The Grizzly Giant is ninety-nine feet in girth, and over three



hundred feet in height; after him comes Wawona, through which an opening has been cut to allow the stage-coach to pass through it. This one is smaller in girth, but only a few feet less in height. With but slight decrease in measurements one might go on, giving name after name, until the list was swelled almost to a hundred. The bark on many of these trees attains a thickness of eighteen inches, although their cones are among the very smallest in the Redwood family. Two that lie upon my table I find to be less than three inches in length.

When the first feeling of astonishment at their enormous size has passed away, and we begin calmly to realize how venerable these trees are, how many years have gone to their building, then it is that we begin to appreciate the sight. There they stood, those mighty trees, when He-



rodotus "visited all the chief places of Greece and Asia Minor, traveled in Thrace and Scythia, explored Egypt, went to Tyre, and through Phœnicia and Palestine, and made his way into Babylon." Since their green fronds first peeped above the ground what changes have come to mankind! Old faiths have died and new ones taken their place. The worship of Apis has ceased; the ibis and crocodiles of the Nile are no longer sacred. The gods of Olympus have been dethroned; Venus, Pallas, Mars, even Jove himself, have faded before a new dispensation. Jesus of Nazareth, born in a manger, brought to the world tidings of peace and



great joy. Since the growth of these outer rings of wood, Mahomet lived his strange life of visions, toil and blood, to mould the faith of millions. For full five hundred years some of them had stood when Aristotle wrote all that was known in his time of the British Isles: "Beyond the Pillars of Hercules are two islands, which are very large. Albine and Irene, called the Britannic." Almost as now they are they were when King Arthur founded his Round Table; while Venice, Daughter of the Sea, rose from the rush-covered islands of the Adriatic, while she grew strong to crush the power of the Turks at Lepanto, and afterwards spread the sails of her argosies on every sea. Thus they stood whilst Florence lived through her short reign of power and glory; and as the Moors built the fairy towers of the Alhambra, that now for five hundred years has stood desolate on the Hill of Darro. Since they have grown old, the noblest achievements of our race have been done. There they have lived whilst war, superstition, ambition, dreams of liberty, have swayed the hearts of men, and better civilizations have evolved from the decay of ancient states and empires.

As the sun stoops low in the west and the evening dusk steals through the grove, we grow strangely quiet; we do not care to talk to, or ask questions of our guide; do not care to know the name of this tree or that, but would rather listen to the whispering voices in the tree-tops far above, and watch the deepening of the red beams of twilight. The solemn presence of these last of a race is exerting its power over us. How brief the sum of days allotted to human life! How like a meteor in the night, that glows and is gone, is man's troubled existence! Here, when we see these long-living products of nature's fertility lie mouldering and dead, yielding at last to the inevitable law of decay, how forcibly we are made to feel the truth of Lord Bacon's couplet:

"Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns in water, or but writes in dust."





Bishop Edwin S. Sheets as I Knew Him[★]

By William A. Morton

I can scarcely realize that Bishop Sheets is dead. A little more than a week ago he and I were working in the office together. We did not think at that time that in a few days one of us would be taken. His death is a great loss to the Church, to the community, and especially to his family. Yet I am one of those who acknowledges the hand of God in it. Had it been the will of the Lord that he should have remained with us longer, it would have been a very easy thing for Him to have answered the earnest, fervent prayers that were offered up for his recovery; for no man was more worthy of having prayers answered in his behalf than was Bishop Sheets. The fact that the Lord did not grant us the desire of our heart—the prolongation of our brother's life—when he could have done so

[★]Address delivered at the grave of the late Bishop Edwin S. Sheets, in Wasatch Lawn cemetery, Sunday, January 12, 1919.

so easily, is evidence to me that the bishop had filled his earthly mission.

One morning last summer he told me a dream he had dreamed the night before, and which seemed to have made a deep impression on his mind. He said he dreamed that he was wanted on the other side of the veil, that there was a certain work for him to do there. I asked him what his feelings were concerning death, and he answered that he had as little dread of it as he had of going into the other room. This because of the godly, righteous, sober life he had lived. The bishop and I have been team-mates in Church work for the past six years, and I say in all sincerity and truth that not once during all that time did I hear an unclean word escape his lips. He was a scrupulously clean man, clean inside and outside.

He was the most thorough, painstaking man I have ever known. He had a place for everything and everything in its place. He never put off till the morrow work that needed his attention that day. When he closed his desk for the last time there was not a single bit of business left undone, not one letter remained unanswered.

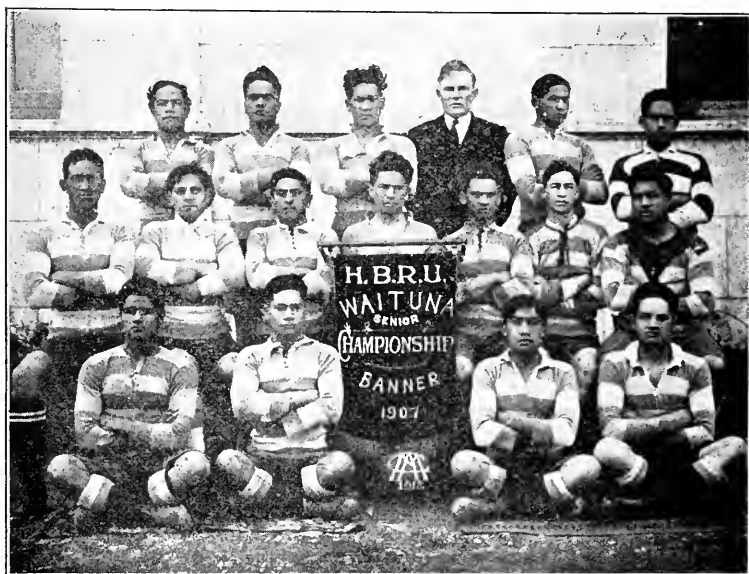
The bishop was a strictly honest man. I know of instances when the mere scratch of his pen would have brought him money, but he absolutely refused to attach his name to documents which he felt were not above suspicion. His word was as good as his bond. He kept his promises to the letter, and expected others to do the same. He had very little respect for people who break their promises. I sometimes thought he expected too much from human nature. He certainly expected perfection, as far as the keeping of promises is concerned, and in this he was often doomed to disappointment.

He was an ideal husband, an exemplary father. No man ever loved his family with a more dear and holy affection than did Bishop Sheets, and no man was ever more beloved by his family than he. He was what too few men are—a companion to his children. That was a glowing tribute his son paid him when he said: "I would rather be in the company of my father than in the company of any boy of my acquaintance." The bishop was not only a husband, he was also a lover. He never allowed his love policy to lapse; he never lost his first love for the woman God gave him. He was one of those men to whom the poet referred when he said:

"Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still,
Whose voice, as of old, can charm,
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill.

"Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace."

My life has been enriched by Bishop Sheets. I am a better man because of my association with him. God bless his memory, God bless his family, God bless us all, and help us to so live that when our time comes we may dread the grave as little as the man did in whose honor we have met today.



Maori Agricultural College Foot-ball Team

President James N. Lambert, of the New Zealand mission, Auckland, writes underdate of December 11, 1918: "Our foot-ball team has again won the championship. For the past twelve years, the schools in the district in which our college is located have endeavored to secure the banner shown in the photograph. Our school has won for three successive seasons, and is the proud possessor of the banner. Our students are all natives of Maori. Elder Church, whose picture is shown with those of the boys, is from Panguitch, Utah, and has been coach during the past two seasons. Much credit is due him for the splendid results achieved. I assure you that the *Era* is much appreciated in this mission.

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

By Hon. Anthony W. Ivins

3—Navajo Depredations in Southern Utah

Among the many beauty spots which are to be found in the mountains of Utah, there is none which surpasses Pine Valley, in Washington county.

Situated in a basin, in the very tops of the Pine Valley mountains, the extreme southern end of the Wasatch range, it is surrounded by timber-covered peaks. One who, on an autumn day, looks down upon its fields of ripening grain, meadows of red top and timothy, with the stream, the headwaters of the Santa Clara, winding through the valley, and the village of comfortable homes in the center, can never forget nature's canvas which is spread out before him.

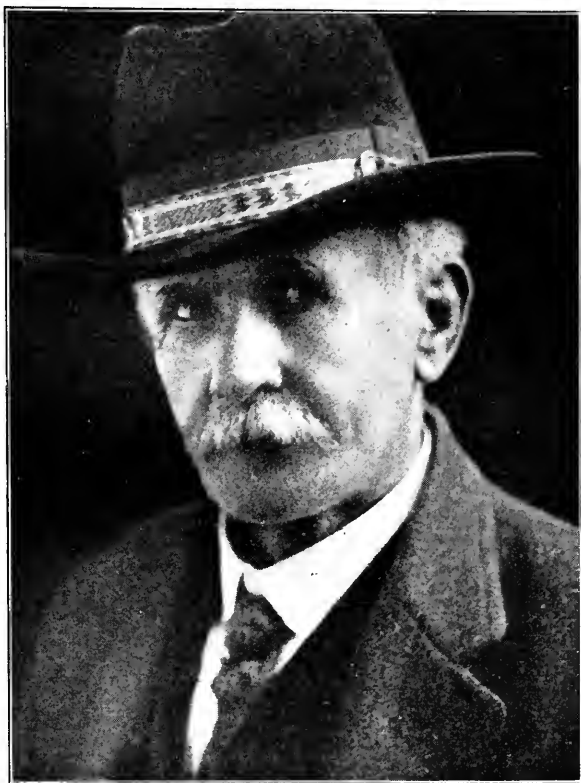


Cyrus Hancock, who miraculously escaped death at the hands of the Navajos at the Mahoganies, and brought the news that the Indians were raiding the neighborhood.

About three miles southwest from the town, on a high plateau, where the ground is covered with great granite boulders, which have rolled down from the mountain above, there is a place called the Mahoganies, because of the heavy growth of these trees with which the mesa is covered. Running off to the north is a depression known as Indian Hollow. The name is suggestive, and an "old settler," if asked why this particular spot of ground was so christened, would relate the following incident:

On the afternoon of December 27, 1866, Cyrus Hancock, a young man of 27 years, and a resident of Pine Valley, saddled his little mare, Nell, and rode out to the Mahoganies to look for a horse which was ranging in that neighborhood. He reached the flat, and was riding among the boulders, many of which are of immense size, and heavy growth of trees, when he was suddenly confronted by three Indians. The latter were on foot, but the posi-

tions which they had chosen made escape, on his slow, tender-footed mare, impossible. He spoke to them, and they replied with signs of friendship, and made him understand that they wanted tobacco. He showed them that he had none. One of them, under pretense of looking for tobacco, searched him, and discovering that he carried no arms, the Indians became insolent. One of them took hold of his bridle, another stood in the



AMMON M. TENNEY

Who acted as scout and interpreter for Captain Andrus, and whose timely warning probably saved the life of his commander. So far as the writer is aware he is the only man living who took part in the battle of Bull Rush.

trail before him, while the third stood by the side of his horse, with an arrow fixed to his bow. The man who appeared to be the spokesman gave him to understand that it was the intention to kill him, take his horse, and cover his body with the dry leaves which were piled in the hollow.

Finally the chief spoke to the young man who stood beside the trail, and he drew his bow, aiming his arrow at Hancock, but when the latter made a gesture, and shouted to him to desist, lowered his weapon. An angry command from the chief, and the boy again drew his bow, this time to the head of the arrow, which was aimed at the neck of his intended victim. As the bow-string twanged Hancock threw himself from the saddle, and the arrow passed over him. Dashing into the underbrush of the hollow, the man ran toward Pine Valley, the Indians in hot pursuit, and sending a shower of arrows after him, one of which passed through his arm, above the wrist, and another through his beard. A full mile the race continued, when the Indians, as they approached the wagon road, gave up the chase.

Exhausted, and suffering from his wound, Hancock reached the road, the arrow still in his arm. Fearing that it was poisoned, he endeavored to draw it out, but only succeeded in breaking it off. At the road he met a Mr. Coachee, with an ox-team, which was hurried on to Pine Valley with the wounded man, where, through the efforts of a strong man and a pair of bullet molds, the arrow was extracted, and under the primitive treatment which those early days afforded, the wound soon healed.

In 1866 there were no telegraph or telephone lines, no railroads; the quickest way to transmit a message was by an expressman, mounted on a good horse. Soon after the return of Hancock to his home, such a messenger started for St. George, and the following day there was great activity among the local militia. Captain Copeland hurriedly mobilized a small force to take up and follow the trail of the marauders, while Captain Freeman, with a detachment of men from Washington, hurried on to Virgen City, on the upper Rio Virgen, where he joined Captain James Andrus, who had collected a force at the latter place, the combined strength of the two detachments numbering about eighty men.

This force moved rapidly forward, hoping to cut off the retreat of the Navajos toward their own country, and by a forced march, night found them camped on the Cedar Ridge, about eight miles west from Pipe Springs, with Ammon M. Tenney standing the last guard. About 4 o'clock a. m., Tenney saw, away off across the plains, near Bull Rush, on the west side of the Kanab Gulch, a light which he thought was a fire. He awoke Sixtus E. Johnson, corporal of the guard, and after consultation they called Captain Andrus. The latter unhesitatingly declared that the light was reflected from a fire, and that there were Indians there—he could smell them.

Orders were immediately issued, and the men were soon mounted, and moving noiselessly toward the light which shone in the darkness, several miles away. A convenient wash, or

gully, made it possible for the militia to approach to within one hundred and fifty yards of the unsuspecting Navajos, who were busily occupied with their breakfast of broiled beef.

Dismounting his men, Captain Andrus, to whom the direct command had been intrusted by Col. J. D. L. Pierce, who was present, left a detail to hold the horses, and with the remainder of his forces attacked the camp. At the first fire, the Navajos scattered, but as the commands of their chief rang out they came together and faced their assailants, notwithstanding the great odds arrayed against them. Slowly they retreated to the top of a neighboring ridge, where, they made a stand, returning shot for shot. Captain



The type of man who fought Captain Andrus now ordered his men Andrus and his militiamen at Bull Rush. A worthy foe on any field.

holding by assault. Charging straight up the bluff, the captain rode, leading his men. As he rushed up the slope toward the rocks above, Ammon Tenney, who was at a different angle, saw an Indian on the crest of the ridge, one knee on the ground, his bow bent to the arrow head, waiting for the captain to appear. Frantically Tenney shouted, "Look out, Captain; that Indian will kill you." Instantly Captain Andrus reined his horse, a high-spirited one, which threw up its head and received the arrow intended for the rider in its forehead. The arrow was so deeply imbedded in the skull of the horse that it could not be removed until the settlements were reached, when it was extricated with a pair of blacksmith's shoeing pincers.

As Charley Hilton, from Virgen City, dashed between Tenney and the Indians, the latter shouted, "Charley, dismount and

take shelter under your mare." Hilton instantly threw himself from his horse, and as he did so, an arrow struck, quivering, in the saddle.

The battle was soon over. The Indians were either killed or scattered, and when Captain Andrus called his men together none were missing, notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the enemy, and many hairbreadth escapes.

What shall we say of the Indians? At a later date, when treaties of peace were made with them, it was learned that thirteen Navajos participated in this battle, against sixty well armed frontier militiamen. Thirteen against sixty, and they fought until but one man remained to carry the sad news of the battle back to his home and people. It is related of a wounded Navajo that he shot at Captain Freeman until he was so weak that he could not put force enough behind them to carry the arrows to his enemy. While the captain dodged the slow-moving arrows, his men looked on and laughed at what they called his war dance. A large number of horses and cattle were collected and returned to the settlements, among them Nell, the little mare ridden by Hancock when he met the Indians at the Mahog-anies.

The Spirit Never Dies

When the splendid sun has run his course,
And beyond our vision sped,
We are prone to think that the light has died,
And we say that the day is dead.

But the sun has never ceased to shine,
In the kingdom of the skies;
It is ever shining somewhere, sweetheart,
The sunlight never dies.

When the soul has found life's duty done,
And from our presence fled,
We are prone to think that the soul has died,
And we say that our dear is dead.

But the soul has never ceased to live,
In the kingdom of the skies;
It is living, loving somewhere, sweetheart,—
The spirit never dies.

Guy E. Coleman

The Easter Awakening

By Mrs. L. H. Roylance

"It's only a bit of respectable graft," and the contractor, stretching his long legs lazily, laughed tolerantly.

"Respectable graft, huh," snorted the doctor, "honest thievery, there is no such thing; and no one knows it better than you do, Frank Blake."

"No thievery about it," defended Frank, "just a matter of getting even with the railroads—a simple question of the survival of the fittest. The railroads are a machine, relentless, grasping, just let them get one of us little contractors in their grip and they crush us out without a flicker of remorse."

"Nonsense, they have their interests to protect the same as you have—what have they ever done to you, anyhow, you've made a small fortune off the road in the last fifteen years?"

"Sure, but it's no fault of theirs. They've fought us hard enough, overcharged us on supplies, underestimated our work, done about everything they could do to prevent our making any money. If you'll notice, our profits are steadily growing less."

"Come, come, Frank, you made \$2,300 on that last job in less than three months, that's mighty fair wages; and if it weren't, does that make it right for you to bribe the inspectors?"

"Bribe's an ugly word, doctor, and besides, I haven't done it, yet."

"It's the only one that fits," went on the doctor imperturbably. "Frank, you've been open and above board all your life, don't start any dirty work now."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill, doc, lots of the contractors do it, and it's beginning to look to me like about the only way we can do. The extra concrete we get in won't hurt the work any, and the railroads can stand to pay for a few yards they don't exactly need."

The doctor was silent a few minutes. True, the question of paying for a few extra yards of concrete in backfillings would be a small item to the road, but it was the principle of the thing that troubled the doctor—or, was it, (he smiled at the thought) was it more the mere fact that it was Frank Blake, his model of integrity, resorting to subterfuge, that made it seem important to him?

When he spoke it was to ask suddenly, "Does Alma know what you are planning?"

"Alma—jumping Jupiter, no," exclaimed Frank, then a bit shamefacedly, "there are some things you can't explain to a woman."

"Nor a child," mused the doctor. "I wonder why! I wonder if it's because they are a bit nearer God than we are."

"Frank laughed, mockingly. "Nearer God. I've come to the conclusion that there isn't any God in the scheme of things."

"Who, then, created us all, if there is no God? It seems to me some one must have done so."

"Read Darwin and he'll explode that theory for you. Between him, and evolution, and Ingersoll, and a few of the rest of them, I've arrived at a very satisfactory explanation of life. We come from nothing, stay and fight for existence till the elements conquer, then we're back to nothing again—perfectly simple, no mystery of creation about it."

"Not a very comforting theory," suggested the doctor.

"Serves the purpose, though, and saves a lot of wondering."

"My wife's people," the doctor spoke very quietly and with a reverence that always came at the mere mention of her name,—he seldom spoke of her—never without especial reason, her death after only two years of married life was still a bitter tragedy to him, "my wife's people have a curious theory about life and death—the eternal circle, I call it. They believe we had an existence before we came here, that our stay here is but a preparation for a more glorious existence hereafter—rather a pretty idea to my notion."

"Your wife's people," said Frank, trying to remember, "oh, yes, the 'Mormons,' they've a lot of queer ideas, I understand."

"Yes, they are called queer by those who have never studied them, but their religion really embodies rather a fine set of principles."

"No doubt, no doubt," agreed Frank entirely without conviction, "but the people are probably about like the rest of the Christians—mighty handy with their talk, but right there when it comes to grabbing for the dollar." Then, as if the thought had just struck him, "Eternal circle, huh, an existence before this and one after." Then he laughed a bit hardly—"Well, if I manage to steer clear through this existence, I shan't worry much about the other two. But here comes the men now," he finished as he arose, "it's noon hour, you'd better come on over to the shack and have dinner with us."

"No, no, thanks, I'll go on into the cookhouse," answered the doctor. Then, as he watched Blake swing up the hill he mut-

tered to himself, "If only there were some way to reach him, some way to wake him up!"

Doctor Dayton had known the Blakes for many years. Frank had come from a good Christian home, but at the death of his father had been thrown early on his own resources. He was a clean, moral man, of splendid character, and the doctor suspected at heart really rather religious. But long years in the camps, among rough men, and fighting for existence among the hardest of conditions, had given him an outer shell of cynicism that bade fair to become an integral part of him.

So hard and long had been the struggle to get an opening that would lift him above mere drudgery that when at last success came, he was at the point that comes in so many men's lives, where the dollar and what it could do seemed the all important thing. "It's the man with the money that makes more money," he was wont to say, "and money talks." He had always confided in the doctor, and at his casual mention that morning that it looked like they'd come out in the hole on this contract, unless they could fix the inspector, the doctor had taken sudden alarm. That Frank would actually let his money-hunger lead him into a deal not entirely square meant that he was beginning seriously to believe the things that the doctor knew had been only a profession of worldliness in him, until now. His interest in Frank for his own sake was great, but for his wife's sake, perhaps greater. As he thought of Anna, his face softened, she was as dear to him as any daughter of his own might have been. He had known her intimately from the time when, as a little doll of a girl, with hair like crinkled sunshine, and great, questioning, blue eyes, she had come pattering along delightedly with her engineer father as he went out daily over the works. He had rejoiced in her as a girl, and as a woman, so singularly pure and high minded had she been; and now, at this time, she seemed infinitely more sweet and lovable; for, with the coming of the Eastertide she was to become a mother.

The dinner bell clanged. Mechanically he greeted the men as he took his place at the table, but his mind was far away, wrestling with the problem of how to make Frank understand.

Frank Blake knocked at the timekeeper's door at three o'clock Easter morning and to Mrs. Allen's half sleepy, "Who is it?" answered quickly and a bit shakily. "It's Blake, Anna's sick and the 'phone won't work, I can't get either the nurse or the doctor, and I don't know what to do."

"Nothing to be alarmed about," answered Mrs. Allen,

cheerily. She was now thoroughly awake. "Go over and call Mrs. Adams and we'll both go right up there."

"Isn't there a speeder on the works?" spoke up Tom Allen.

"Doesn't happen to be one around," answered Blake, "or I'd have sent a man to town."

"Well, then I'll row across the lake. It's probably only our line that's down—I can get in touch with the doctor from the store."

"But the trouble—it's a terrific row!" protested Blake.

"Trouble nothing, why nothing is too much trouble at a time like this." Mrs. Adams was equally willing, and as Frank walked back to the shack with the two neighbors, a strange wonder at their unsuspected friendliness began to take root in his heart.

An hour passed, another, and another. Anna's suffering grew intense.

"Isn't there a thing we can do to relieve her?" Frank asked, as he sat by the bedside watching the two kindly neighbors as they moved briskly and busily about, arranging tiny little garments in a basket, airing sheets, doing all the countless little things so necessary, yet to a man so apparently frivolous in the face of great suffering.

"No, there's nothing to be done," answered Mrs. Adams, "she's alright yet," she added in a voice she tried to make reassuring, as she noted the worried look in his eyes.

But awhile later, when the nurse and doctor came in at the kitchen door, she met them anxiously. "Things look pretty bad," she said. "We've been dreading convulsions the last hour. Her face looks so drawn and her lips twitch so strangely."

The arrival of the doctor and the capable looking nurse quieted Frank's fears somewhat, and he accepted his banishment from the sick room, a short time later, as a matter of course. The quiet faces of the neighbors, as they puttered around in the kitchen getting the breakfast, then clearing away the dishes, and straightening up the rooms, seemed only natural at first, but as time passed and faces grew graver, a nameless dread took possession of him—a dread that became a certainty when the doctor came out to the porch and to his eager, "Will it be much longer now, doctor?" answered slowly: "It's hard to have to tell you, Frank, but I'm afraid we can't save the baby, and"—he paused as if dreading what he must say next—"and—it looks now as if we can't save either of them."

"Not save either of them!" Frank's face blanched as he repeated the words blankly, "you don't mean! you can't mean that Anna will die."

The old doctor's lips twitched, he shook his head, "We'll do all we can, boy, but I don't know, I don't know."

Frank stumbled out into the sunshine, "Anna die," he muttered, as a dry sob choked in his throat, "Anna die!"

He turned instinctively down the spring trail to the little sheltered nook where her hammock hung, where they had spent so many happy hours during the last month. He flung himself into the hammock, face downward, and lay there a long time, his senses half numbed as the awful sentence, "We can't save either of them," seemed to burn itself into his brain. Then his strong will began to assert itself. He fought off the numbness and tried to think it out clearly, to face the possible issue, as he had faced so many critical issues in his strenuous life. As for the baby it did not seem to matter, its coming had seemed so vague and unreal a thing that it would seem only a strange ending to a stranger dream, if they lost it; but Anna, his Anna, so beautiful, so full of life, it could not be—she must not die.

The whirl and grind of the gasoline concrete mixer sounded in his ears, a woodpecker tapped monotonously at the tree above him, a tiny humming bird whizzed in and out of the salal bush below him; and just beyond, on the stiff leaves of the Oregon grapes, little drops of water glistened and sparked as they were splashed up by the brook, rippling over a tiny fall. The breath of spring, living, pulsing spring, with its perfume of new leaves and wood violets was in the air, and as he sensed it, a dull rage crept over him. Everything remained unchanged—the sunshine, the flowers, the birds, even the work was going on as usual, and in there in that little cabin his wife lay dying. It must not be—he clenched his fists grimly and, rising, paced angrily to and fro. "If money could buy," the thought mocked him, what could money do now? Why that very morning, friends had done what money had had no power to do. There was no better doctor than Doctor Dayton, on the coast, he would save her if anyone could, and if he didn't, the awful blankness of a future without Anna appalled him.

Death had not touched Frank Blake's life for many years, its sudden nearness now recalled the only other death that he remembered distinctly. As in a trance he lived again the awful time when they had brought his father in stiff and cold, from the mines, the coming and going of many people, the funeral, then the desolate blankness when night came and no daddy came bounding up the gravel path to meet him. He remembered his childish wonder at his mother's calmness, after the first awful shock had passed; he remembered her gentle answer when he had asked, with boyish fierceness, how she could bear it. "My boy," she had said, "it is only a little while, such a few short

years, till we, too, will be called, then we can be with him in a better land."

A few short years, after all it would be only a few, why some little lives were ended almost as soon as they began. His little childish soul had been comforted; perhaps he would be called next to go to heaven and be with daddy. But as the years passed the words that had meant so much to him, had lost their significance, been all but forgotten. And now death was hovering near again—he thought of Darwin and Ingersoll, of all the cynical expressions he had so often quoted. Their wise philosophy seemed suddenly fruitless and barren. If Anna died, it could not be the end. Her beautiful body must moulder in the dust, but the soul of her, the throbbing, vivid soul of her, must this, too, be the end of that?

In a flood of memory the little incidents of the past year reenacted themselves. Her plans, the tiny little clothes he had scarce dared handle, the soft sweet light in her eyes, as she spoke of the little child that was to come! Even in her most miserable hours, and they had been many, she had smiled and said, "It's worth it, Frank, every minute of it," and now this was the end! Almost a year of suffering hours of unbelievable torture, and perhaps death itself, all for a bit of inanimate clay. Where was justice, where was mercy? Then, suddenly, he stopped. Justice, mercy, they had no place in the scheme of things, as he had professed to accept it. Nature went only by law, rigid, immutable law. All the fiery fierceness of his soul rebelled. What law had Anna broken? For what could Nature be demanding this terrible toll? Why, she had lived a life as pure and perfect as lay within human power. No, there must be some other explanation, things like this didn't happen without reason. Suddenly the old doctor's words came back, birth, life, death. The eternal circle; what a strange idea it was. A previous existence, then this little space for preparedness, and finally a more glorious life! Something about the thought held him. If that theory were true, then Anna's sacrifice would not be in vain, she was giving her life that a soul might pass from one existence to another. As he studied it, the thought grew more beautiful, the coming of the little one to earth, though its stay be but momentary, would not be utterly futile. It would have taken one more step in the round of eternal progress. Like a flash of blinding light the truth came to him—birth, life, death! These are not a series of unrelated happenings. They are part of a plan, a glorious preconceived plan, and lie not in the hands of Nature, but of a higher power. One that thinks and reasons, and that Power is—it must be God. A quieting peace crept into his soul. The softly sweet sounds of nature no longer jarred the low music-

al ripple of the brook, and the sweet, clear warble of a tiny canary became an accompaniment to the beautiful, new faith that was being born within him. The faith that was already beginning to give him power to accept the will of the Father. If God called Anna now, he would try to live the years that were left in such a way that when his turn came, he could go to meet her unashamed, unafraid.

He heard his name called softly. It was the doctor. For an instant, his heart sank, it was over—even the wonderful new faith could not quite banish the chill desolateness that suddenly gripped him. Then the doctor spoke quickly, joyously, "The worst is over, they are both alive; for Anna there is still great danger, but there is a fighting chance."

Frank Blake took off his hat, bowed reverently, and in a voice that trembled aloud the heartfelt prayer, "Oh God, we thank thee."

They walked slowly back to the house—on the porch in a jardiniere was an Easter lily, its fragrant, waxy blossom just opening to the sunshine. Frank touched it lightly, "I feel, doctor," he said, "as if I were like that flower, just being brought in to the light."

"It's the soul of you, boy, the wonderful soul of you re-awakened—this beautiful Easter day—born again."

Late one Sunday afternoon, six months later, the doctor made a friendly call on the Blakes. Anna, still a trifle pale, lounged comfortably on a couch in front of the fireplace. Frank, looking serene and contented, sat by the crib where the babe, a lusty youngster, lay sleeping. For awhile the conversation was general and a bit desultory, but as evening drew near and the soft glow of the firelight shone more rosily in the twilight, it grew intimate and confidential.

"Fact is," said Frank, "the last few months have been the happiest of a long, hard life. I seem to find friendliness and goodwill where I least expect it. The world is changing, it doesn't seem such a grasping, sordid affair, any more."

"The change is in you," said the doctor, "your soul is attuned to the good and responds to it more readily."

"Everything's changed," Frank continued, "I've told Anna what I thought about doing, once, that inspector business, you know. We're both so glad it never happened. It seems such a sneaking sort of way to do now."

"You don't know how much the change has meant to me," said Anna, quietly. "It's a hard way to live, feeling always that the hand of the world is against you."

"And harder still," added Frank, "to live with the feeling

that there is no divine power watching over you, no one to whom you can turn in time of need. Christianity is a wonderful thing, doctor."

The babe awakened, then, and Frank picked it up, tenderly, but a trifle awkwardly. "We've thought of so many things lately, doctor, one of them is that 'eternal circle' you spoke of once. We don't thoroughly understand it, but it seems to be full of glorious possibilities," he said, trying to adjust the little pink and white bundle he held so proudly.

"The more we study the idea, the more beautiful it becomes," said Anna. "It has opened up a new field of ideas as to our responsibility in bearing children. In fact, it has set us wondering so much that we are going to investigate the principles of the 'Mormon' faith. Any religion containing anything so beautiful as preexistence is quite likely to contain other things worth while."

"Wouldn't it be queer," Frank's voice was bantering, but through it ran a note of seriousness, "if the coming of the babe should cause us to turn 'Mormon?'"

The doctor leaned forward and poked at the embers in the fireplace till they made the graying twilight vivid with their rosy glow, then answered slowly, and in his voice there was no hint of lightness, "It would be," he said "a glorious ending for your Easter awakening."

Glenada, Oregon

Sacramental Hymn

Clean are the hands with which I take
This broken bread and wine.
No stain of earth's unceasing toil
Pollute these hands of mine.
Yet, are they clean? O, who can tell?
Only the angels know that well.

Pure is the heart with which I plead,
As I these emblems share,
That Jesus will my sins remit
And hear my fervent prayer.
Yet, am I pure? Ah, who can tell?
Only the angels know that well.

Susa Young Gates

Died in Service

We aim to name all the soldier boys within Utah and surrounding states who have died in the service of our Country. To this end the "Era" will be pleased to receive the facts, in a short sketch, from parents or friends of any soldier who has sacrificed his life for the cause of liberty, and who has not yet been mentioned in this column. Address: Editors "Era," 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Claude W. Morse, Salt Lake City, Utah, son of Mrs. S. L. Harrington, Oakland, California, died in France, October 13, 1918. He entered the army November, 1917, left for France February, 1918, and was 30 years old.

Sergeant Ornamon Remington, Salt Lake City, Utah, was killed in an aeroplane accident, near Arcadia, Florida, December 14, 1918. The body was taken to Cataaugus, New York, by Sergeant Harry Bassett, of Salt Lake.

George M. Silver, son of George J. Silver, Salt Lake City, Utah, was killed in an aeroplane accident in France, December 24, 1918. He was a member of the 12th Aero Squadron, had been in active service in France since June 9, 1918, and was 22 years old.

Sergeant Hyrum Stutznegger, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stutznegger, Manti, Utah, was killed in action in France, September 28, 1918. He was born, May 16, 1890, went to Camp Lewis in September, 1917, and to France, in June, 1918. He was a member of the ninety-first division.

Corporal Brutus L. Rideout, son of D. O. Rideout, Salt Lake City, Utah, died in France, November 1, 1918, of influenza. He was a member of the 308th Trench Mortar Battery unit. He is survived by a widow, living in Akron, Ohio, by his father, five brothers and two sisters.

Corp. Charles F. Porter, with the medical supply detachment of the quartermaster's corps, Fort Douglas, died January 27, 1919, of tuberculosis. He was admitted to the hospital, December 2, 1918. His home was in Madero, California. He was buried at the Fort Douglas cemetery.

Corporal Roland Evans, of American Falls, Idaho, was killed in battle, September 27, 1918, four months after he left American Falls for Camp Lewis. He was 26 years old, born at Malad, Idaho, and leaves his father, four brothers and one sister. Two of his brothers are in the army.

Joseph R. Woolley, member of the S. A. T. C., at the University of Utah, died at the post hospital at Fort Douglas. Military funeral services were held at the grave in Gransville, Utah, cemetery. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Woolley, four brothers and one sister.

Thomas J. Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thad Powell, of Lehi, Utah, died at Camp Kearny, December 3, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He was born in Lehi, April 2, 1893, entered the United States service, September 5, 1918. He leaves a widow, his parents, three brothers and one sister.

Corporal John O. Peterson, of Welby, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Peterson, was 27 years old, trained at Camp Lewis, sailed for France, July, 1918, was a member of F company, 362nd infantry, and was killed in action September 27, 1918. He is survived by his parents, two sisters and three brothers.

Worthy Kinnear, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kinnear, of Provo, Utah, was killed in action September 29, 1918, while fighting in the Argonne sector, with the 342nd infantry. He received his training at Camp Lewis, his brother Lafayette Kinnear was at the time with a machine gun company in Belgium. Worthy Kinnear was 23 years of age.

William A. Robbins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Robbins, of Provo, Utah, and a member of the United States Air Service in England, died from influenza-pneumonia, at Portsmouth, England, October 19, 1918. He was buried with military honors, October 22, in an American cemetery in Chid-ester.

Leland R. March, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. March, Moab, Utah, died at Camp Kearny, December 11, 1918. He was a member of the 16th A. M. Co., and left with a contingent from Grand County, Utah, to Camp Kearny, about June, 1918, and contracted pneumonia, which was the cause of his death.

William Lofthouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lofthouse, of Willard, Utah, died of pneumonia in France, October 5, 1918. He was 21 years of age, entered the service in May, 1918, was sent to camp Lewis, and went over seas in July, 1918. He is survived by his parents, two brothers and four sisters.

Oran Openshaw, son of Mrs. Caroline Openshaw, a widow, Santaquin, Utah, died at the Fort Douglas hospital, Sunday, December 8, 1918, of pneumonia. He was 21 years of age, and had been in training two months at the University. Before enlisting, he was a teacher in the public schools in Salem, Utah.

Private Alexian E. Koshaba, of Salt Lake City, was killed at Camp Lewis in late August, 1918, when a trench in which he was working caved in. He was born in Persia, 24 years ago, had been in this country seven years, left Salt Lake City for Camp Lewis, July 23, 1918, was a member of Company L, 76th infantry.

Hilbert H. Jorgensen, born in Ogden, Utah, 25 years ago, and later moved to Central, Idaho, died of pneumonia at the Newport News hospital, January 23, 1919. He enlisted in the army and trained at Camp Lewis before going overseas, was a member of the 91st division, saw active service, and was wounded in action.

Private Joseph Robinson, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, Salt Lake City, died on board the U. S. S. *Louisiana*, Jan. 22, 1919, following an attack of pneumonia. He was born in Scotland, August 12, 1897, lived in Salt Lake several years, was a member of the 145th Field Artillery, and formerly a clerk at the Western Union.

James B. Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Taylor, Salt Lake City, Utah, died in Chicago, December 29, 1918, in the Government service. He had been absent from home only one month when taken ill. He was a grand nephew of the late President John Taylor. He is survived by his parents, one brother and three sisters.

Joe Don, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Don, Salt Lake City, Utah, died of pneumonia, in France, December 29, 1918. He left Salt Lake City for Camp Lewis, November 3, 1917; was ordered to Camp Mills after one week's time, and in six weeks he embarked for France. Besides his wife and his parents, Mr. Don leaves two brothers and three sisters.

Jacob Hafen, Jr., son of Mrs. Jacob Hafen, Sr., Mount Pleasant, Utah, died of pneumonia in France, October 6, 1918. He was 32 years of age, went to Camp Lewis for training, in April, 1918, was sent overseas in July, had been fighting at the front at the time he was stricken with the disease. In addition to his mother, he is survived by his widow and babe.

James Lacoles, a prominent Greek of Salt Lake City, a member of the 362nd infantry, ninety-first division, died in France, October 3, 1918, of wounds received in battle. He was a veteran of both the Balkan wars, and a resident of Salt Lake City since 1900. He leaves a widow, his parents, three sisters and four brothers. He was married, September 8, 1917.

Peter Detomasi, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Detomasi, Silver City Utah, formerly of Park City, died of pneumonia, October 19, 1918, in France. He left for Camp Lewis, September 18, 1917, sailed for France in

April, and went into action in July, taking part in four advances of the American troops. He leaves his parents, four brothers and two sisters.

Scott P. Kimball, 31 years of age, Salt Lake City, was reported as dead, September 28, 1918. He had been recently called into the service, was stationed at Camp Upton, New York. He was buried at Canajoharie, New York. He was the youngest son of Mrs. Geneva Young Kimball, who died in Salt Lake City, two years ago. He enlisted in Schenectady, New York.

Lehi Lasen Smith, son of the late Jesse N. Smith, and member of the 353rd infantry, was killed in action in France, October 28, 1918. He married Durcilla McKay, of Malad, Idaho, March, 1918, after returning from a mission in the Northwestern States. He entered the army in April following, was sent to Camp Funston, Kansas, and went shortly thereafter to France.

Orrin W. Allen, Logan, Utah, a member of Company M, 362nd infantry, was killed in action in France, September 27, 1918. He went to Camp Lewis in September, 1917, and left for France in July, 1918. He leaves his mother, his widow, and several brothers and sisters. He was born in Weston, Idaho, in 1892, and served two years as a missionary in the Northwestern States mission.

John Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Miller, Salt Lake City, died of pneumonia, at Holyoke, Colorado, according to word received by his parents, December 6, 1918. He was 24 years of age, born at Ogden, Utah, and reared in Salt Lake, being a student of the high school. During the past two years he had been farming in Colorado. He leaves a widow and small child.

James Shaw, son of Samuel and Harriet L. Barker Shaw, died of pneumonia at Fort Douglas, December 8, 1918. He was born at North Ogden, Utah, January 2, 1897, graduated from the Weber Normal College and the Utah Agricultural College, and was an efficient worker in the priesthood quorums and auxiliaries. He enlisted in the army and was sent to Fort Douglas for training.

Frank George Sainsbury, Fielding, Utah, died at Camp Morrison, Va., of pneumonia, October 3, 1918. He was the son of Mr. R. E. and Ella Tidwell Smith, Fielding, Utah, where he was born, November 1, 1896; in April, 1918, he left his studies and enlisted in the army, was sent to Texas for training, and later transferred to Camp Morrison. He has a sister as a Red Cross nurse in France.

Joseph A. Cain, of Leadville, Colorado, son of Mrs. Mary Cain, and who has a number of relatives in Salt Lake City, and who for two years was cashier at the Ship Cafe, at Saltair, was killed in action in France, November 5, 1918. He was a member of the Salt Lake Knights of Columbus. He entered the service April 27, 1918, was trained at Camp Funston, and went overseas in the late summer.

Palonza Thomas, son of Mrs. Anna Thomas, of Spanish Fork, Utah, 22 years of age, died from wounds, November 15, 1918, in France. He enlisted in the Marine corps, at Pocatello, Idaho, April, 1917, received his military training at Mare Island, California, and sailed for France, August, 1918. He is survived by his mother, two sisters and four brothers, two of the latter were in the service also.

Private Ray Van Cott Madsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Madsen, of Blackfoot, Idaho, was killed in action in France, October 5, 1918. He sailed for France, December, 1917, with the 41st (Sunset) division. He was born in Salt Lake City, January 2, and lived here the greater part of his life. He is survived by his parents, four brothers and four sisters. Three of his brothers are in the national service.

Earl L. Cobb, Ogden, Utah, died in France, November 16, of pneumonia. He went to Camp Fremont, August, 1918, sailed for France in October, 1918, arriving a few days prior to the signing of the armistice. His

mother, Alice Cobb, to whom his last letter was addressed, died two days previous to the arrival of the letter, and his father died about a year ago, a brother and one sister survive him.

Kwan Sims, veteran of the Chinese revolution, five years ago, his home being in Salt Lake City, was killed in action on the Western front, according to word received in Salt Lake, December 21, 1918. He left Salt Lake, for Camp Kearny, June 14, 1918, was attached to G company, 158th infantry. He was 21 years old, was born in America, and when 16 years of age went to China to take part in the Revolution.

Scott M. Sheets, son of Mrs. Ella M. Sheets, Salt Lake City, was killed in France, October 9, 1918. On the declaration of war by the United States, he volunteered, and entered a marine corps, was a member of the 23rd company, 6th machine gun battalion, whose splendid work at Chateau-Thierry marked the turning point of the war. He was 30 years of age, and had a brother, Don M. Sheets, in France.

George Ellwood Bunker, Hinckley, Utah, died November 11, 1918, in France, of pneumonia. He enlisted in the army at Delta, Utah, July 5, 1918, was assigned to the Mortar transportation corps at Camp Jessup, Georgia, and left for France early in September, 1918. He was 18 years of age, and had been educated at the Millard Academy and the Brigham Young University of Provo, Utah.

Private George F. Darrow, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Darrow, Salt Lake City, died in the hospital at Fort McHenry, Maryland, October 2, 1918, of pneumonia. He was 34 years old, born in Denver, and had lived in Salt Lake City two years; enlisted, August 8, 1918, in the automobile corps of the army; was sent to Fort Logan, Colorado, later to Fort McHenry. He is survived by his parents, three sisters and three brothers.

Ira Bartlette Whitaker, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Whitaker, of Willard, Utah, was killed in action in France, November 5, 1918. He was 22 years old; entering Camp Lewis, July, 1918, was transferred to the 145th Field Artillery at Camp Kearny, with which organization he went to France, being transferred to a regiment in the 77th division, and immediately sent into action. He was wounded, October 18, 1918, in the Argonne fighting.

Captain Homer S. Young, formerly employed at the headquarters of the fourth district office of the forest service, at Ogden, died of a wound received during the last days of the war, the third which the captain had received. Captain Young was one of the first men in the forest service to enlist. His home was in Twin Falls, Idaho, where he leaves a widow, and a baby fourteen months old, born after the captain's departure for France.

Private Joseph Davis Reed, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Reed, Brigham City, Utah, died of pneumonia, in France, December 24, 1918. He was born August 25, 1895, in Dexter, Michigan; moved with his parents to Minnesota when a young man; came to Brigham City to reside in 1913; enlisted in Brigham City, in June, 1917; was sent to Camp Kearny, and went overseas in June, 1918. He is survived by his parents, two brothers and six sisters.

Lorenzo Hardwidge, son of Thomas Hardwidge, of Evanston, Wyoming, died of pneumonia, in France, October 15, 1918. He was born in Red Canyon, Wyoming, October 30, 1889; enlisted in Evanston, July 5, 1918; went to Fort Logan, Colorado, Fort Benjamin Franklin, Indiana, thence to Camp Merritt, New Jersey; sailed for France September 10, 1918, and was a member of Company H, 21st Engineers. He is survived by his parents and five sisters.

Corporal Ray Ivie, son of Mrs. Mary V. Ivie, Salina, Utah, died at a base hospital in France, of bronchial-pneumonia, about November 12 or 13, 1918. Was called into service November 2, 1917; went to Camp Lewis, was transferred to Camp Mills, then to Camp Merritt, and later sailed for Europe, landing in France, February 6, 1918. Saw active service, is sur-

lived by his mother and brother. He was laboring for Scorup Bros., San Juan county, where he enlisted.

Raymond Buckley, of Salt Lake City, died of wounds received in action the day the armistice was signed, November 11, 1918. He was wounded while fighting by the side of his brother, a member of his company, 75th company, 6th regiment, marine corps. He was born in Salt Lake City, but had removed with his mother and two brothers to San Francisco, where he held positions with the *Call* and *Post*, on which papers he was working when he enlisted in April, 1918.

Sergeant Charles R. Longson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Longson, Salt Lake City, Utah, was killed in action, October 31, 1918. He was born in Salt Lake City, March 29, 1895, and was a graduate of the Forest School. He had many friends in Sugar House and Parleys wards. He entered the army September 19, 1917, was trained at Camp Lewis, sailed for France, July 7, 1918, and was a member of the 36th infantry, ninety-first division. He saw active service for the first time, September 15, 1918.

Corporal Fred Daniels, L Company, 138th infantry, died in France, November 10, 1918, according to word sent to his wife, Mamie Daniels, at Pocatello, Idaho, January 4, 1919. It is presumed that he was killed in action, as a letter from him, dated October 19, 1918, stated that he had been at the front for nineteen days, and was at that time at a rest camp, ready to return. He landed in France December 26, 1917, and before entering the service, was employed in the car department of the Oregon Short Line.

Alfred Swens, of Eureka, Utah, was killed in action, in France, October 14, 1918, according to information received by Mr. and Mrs. John Enlund, relatives, January 6, 1919. Mr. Swens was 25 years old, a native of Finland, where most of his people still reside. He came to the United States some years ago, and enlisted at the outbreak of the war, and after training was sent over seas, reaching France in January, 1917; a member of the 127th infantry. He was well known and highly esteemed in Eureka and neighborhood.

John H. Lee, a former employe of the Century Printing Company, Salt Lake City, who came from Milwaukee eight years ago, died in France, according to word received January 8, 1919, by Miss Lillian D. Lewis, to whom he was to have been married upon his return from France. He enlisted, December, 1917; was 26 years of age, and died of pneumonia. He was trained in Waco, Texas, and Morrison, Virginia, leaving for over seas June, 1918, with the Twelfth balloon company; was twice cited for bravery, and was constantly in action from August, 1918, until death.

Sterling Russell, Grafton, Washington county, Utah, was killed in action in France, November 7, 1918. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Russell. He received his education in the common schools, in the St. George stake academy from which he graduated with the class of 1916. He then attended the Dixie Normal College, and early in May, 1918, received his call for Camp Lewis; left June 27 for military service, and was soon transferred to Camp Kearny, thence overseas. Besides his parents, one sister and four brothers, he is survived by his wife and a young babe, at St. George, Utah.

Fred J. Grant, formerly a resident of Salt Lake City and Ogden, but later of Ruth, Nevada, was killed in battle, November 10, 1918, the day before the armistice. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Grant, of Ruth, Nevada; was a member of the Second regiment of Engineers, entered the army as a volunteer in May, 1917, and was trained at Fort Bliss, Texas. He was born at Ogden, Utah, removed to Salt Lake, in 1910, graduated from the West High School, attended the University of Utah one year and was a student at the Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, when he enlisted. He is survived by his parents, two brothers and two sisters.

John Mulder, of Ogden, Utah, 30 years of age, who was wounded in action in France, November 2, died about November 12, 1918. He was a son of William Mulder, and leaves two orphans, his wife having died in Malad, Idaho, January 1, 1918. Mr. Mulder went to Camp Lewis from Ogden, in April, 1918, went overseas in July, was in the Marne drive, and served in a number of engagements, and had just returned to the trenches when he received the wound causing his death. Before leaving Camp Lewis he took out \$5,000 in insurance now to be used for the education of his children. He is survived by his father, four sisters and two children.

Private Lawrence E. Larson, Spanish Fork, Utah, died of wounds received in action, October 6, 1918, having been severely wounded September 30. Mrs. Mary Larson, his wife, was notified of his death at about the same time that she gave birth to a baby girl. Private Larson was born in Fairview, Utah, October 30, 1894, and was living at Clear Creek, Utah, when called into service. He went to Camp Lewis, April 27, 1918; thence, after two months' training, to Camp Merritt, and from there, directly to France, arriving in the latter part of July. He was a member of company A, 361st infantry, part of the famous 91st division, and was a son of Mrs. Mary Larson of Fairview, Utah.

Private Glen Miles, son of E. R. Miles, Sr., and Janet Hendrickson Miles, of Smithfield, Utah, was killed in action, October 4, 1918. He was born in Smithfield, Utah, April 5, 1892, went to Camp Lewis with the draft contingent, November 3, 1917, was transferred to Camp Mills, joined the 163rd infantry, was sent to Camp Merritt leaving for France by way of England, December 14, 1917, and landing at Havre, on New Year's day, 1918. He went to the front June 3, took part in the big drive on the Marne in July, was sent to the hospital August 7 from exhaustion, joined his company September 8, and took active part around the Argonne Forest in September and early October.

Parley C. Turner, youngest child of the late Joseph H. Turner, and Mary Ellen Turner, died in action in France some time between October 1 and 13, 1918. He was born at Holden, Utah, November 15, 1895. His father died when Parley was seven months old. He attended the district school and also the Millard Academy; left for Camp Lewis, September 30, 1917, remaining in training until March, 1918, when he left for Camp Greene, thence to New York, and New Jersey, and from there overseas, landing in France early in May, 1918. His last letter was written September 2, 1918, in which he expressed the idea that if called upon to make the great sacrifice, it would be in a just cause, and he would go loving all, and strong in his religious belief. His widowed mother, two brothers, and three sisters survive him.

Wagoner Melvin Galbraith, of Blanding, Utah, was killed in action, October 5, 1918. He was the son of W. W. Galbraith, deceased, of Kaysville, and Mrs. Lillian Galbraith, of Blanding. He was born at Colonia Diaz, Mexico, June 3, 1896. At the time of the exodus, he left with his mother and brother for Kaysville, thence to Sandy, attending school one winter; he moved to Richfield, and came to Blanding in June, 1915; registered in 1917, in the first draft, was called into service November 2, 1917, went to Camp Lewis, thence to Camp Mills, thence to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and sailed from there January 22, 1918, for France, and was at the front since last July until his death. He is survived by his widowed mother, and three brothers, of Blanding, one of whom, Wallace, is in the Spruce Squadron at Vancouver, Washington.

Major Lester Earle Moreton, son of J. B. Moreton, Salt Lake City, Utah, and professor of mathematics at West Point Military Academy, died at that institution, January 8, 1919, of influenza-pneumonia. He was born in Salt Lake City, October 12, 1889, and passed through the public schools and was graduated from the High School in 1907, receiving a medal for military proficiency. He was appointed by ex-Senator Sutherland to West

Point, in 1910, graduated in 1914, in Coast Artillery service, was assigned to Fortress Monroe, then to Camp Winfield Scott, San Francisco, where he was promoted to a captaincy in February, 1917, being assigned to West Point as military instructor, and in October, 1918, received his commission as Major. Major Moreton was married July 22, 1914, to Miss Marjorie Short, who survives him with a young daughter, his father, and a number of brothers and sisters.

Lynn Robison, son of the late Lewis S. Robison and Mary Driggs Robison, of Pleasant Grove, Utah, died in France, September 28, 1918, being killed by a German shell, while carrying a message to headquarters just back of the Allied lines, during a fierce engagement. He enlisted on April 19, 1918, left for Camp Lewis on the 28th, went overseas in July, belonged to Company E, 363rd infantry, 91st division. The letter announcing his death was written from Belgium, bearing date December 10, 1918, and stated that he was a brave soldier who laid down his life while fighting. He was born in Pleasant Grove, Utah, December 8, 1890, was a graduate of the University of Utah, and taught school at the time of his enlistment. He is survived by his widowed mother, his brothers, John Robison, of Payette, Idaho, who served in the Spanish-American war, and Private Harold Robison who is in France, and three sisters.

Lieut. Orville Wallace Ruby, of Ogden, Utah, was drowned at San Diego, California, December 14, 1918, when his plane fell into the ocean. He fell two thousand feet, into the sea, nose-diving, at San Diego, while engaged in aerial gunnery practice. Lieut. Ruby was born at Circleville, Utah, November 22, 1896, and was the son of W. W. and Elenor B. Ruby, who removed to Ogden when the lieutenant was a small boy. He was educated in the public schools, graduated from the High School in May, 1915, was captain of the football team, in 1911, baseball team in 1911-12-14, and captain of the basketball team in 1913. He went to Camp Lewis with one of the early contingents, was appointed sergeant, and after a few weeks was transferred to a school of military aeronautics at Berkeley, California, later went to San Diego, where he was given a commission, sent to Mather Field, Sacramento, later to Rockwell Field, where he won his license as a pilot. When the armistice was signed he was given the chance of an honorbale discharge, or of continuing his course; he chose the latter. He is survived by his parents, one brother and four sisters, all of Ogden.



Irrigation and Education

By Prof. O. W. Israelsen, of the Utah Agricultural College.

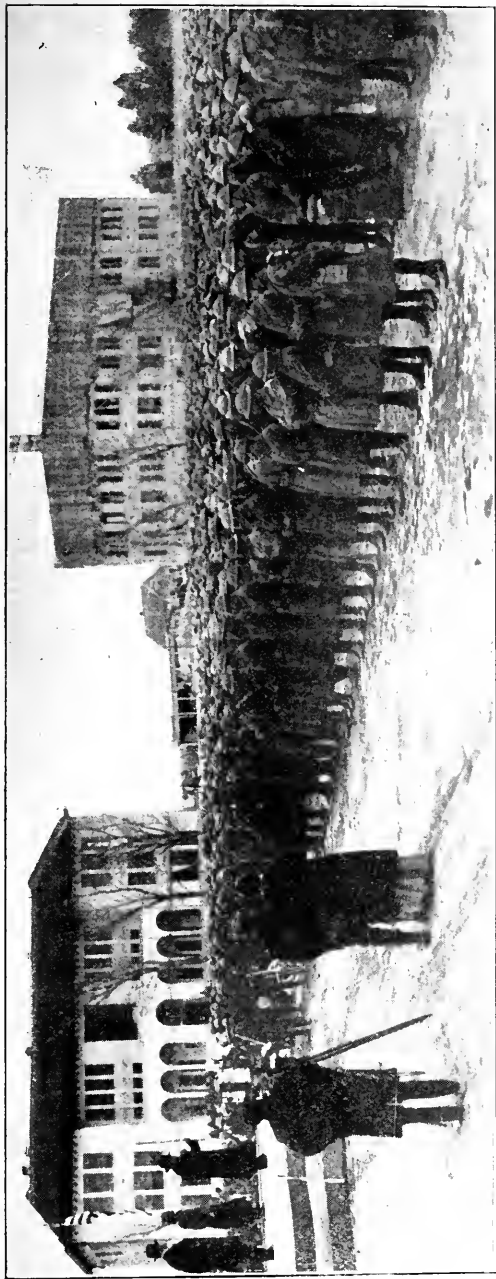
II. Purpose

To be "first in right" because "first in time" is today insufficient security for the prospective irrigator or for the young man who is seeking an education. At the outset a definite Purpose must also be clearly decided upon.

The western public, through its various state governments, grants rights to the use of water for irrigation, only upon a specific statement by the applicant of the Purpose for which the water is to be used. He must say whether he expects to irrigate a farm, develop a mine, generate electricity, supply water for his farm animals, or furnish a community with drinking water, before he is given any claim to the water for which he makes application. Accurate determination of rights to water which have become vested through use in the years gone by, is also based on the Purpose for which such waters have been used. A man living near the mouth of a canyon may have used water during the last twenty years to run a flour mill, but this does not entitle him to now use the water in irrigation for the production of wheat.

As in irrigation policies, so it is in educational development. The individual who expects to obtain a right to the respect and support of his fellows without giving evidence that in every thought and movement he has a definite Purpose, is very likely to meet early disappointment. It is no longer sufficient to just be studying. To succeed educationally the young man of today must study to become master of one field of endeavor, whether it be law, medicine, engineering or agriculture. Daily the world is determining what each man has done that gives him a right to claim a pro rata share of its Progress, financial, educational and spiritual; and he who has gone through a purposeless past is seldom affirmed in his claim of a vested right to a given part of the results of the world's advancement. Adherence to Purpose is a basic element which contributes very largely to successful careers in life. Lack of definiteness in Purpose is equivalent to lack of Progress in embryo.

But, as much as depends on Priority and on Purpose, the first two of the five P's, simply starting early and adhering to Purpose will, of themselves, completely solve neither the irrigation nor the education problems of today. The importance of choosing a proper Place and of keeping it will be considered next.



Governor Simon Bamberger, Addressing the 145th Field Artillery

The Agricultural College of Utah, was designated by the War Department as the place for the demobilization of the 145th Field Artillery. There was a military review at 2 p. m., Saturday, January 18, 1919, the day following the arrival of the boys in Logan. It was the final ceremonial before this regiment of Utah men were mustered out of service. Governor Bamberger is seen addressing the regiment. There were present the Governor's staff, state officers, members of the Legislature, the State Council of Defense, prominent civic and Church bodies, and a number of special guests. President E. G. Peterson, and the College Faculty did themselves proud in providing desirable quarters and other comforts for the men who were honored by the people as heroes who had helped to bear the real burden of the World War.

One Still, Strong Man*

By Washington Gladden

In the winter of 1882, when I made my home in Columbus, there was living in premises adjoining my own, a venerable gentleman whom I soon came to know slightly, and in whose history I became profoundly interested. He had been, on one occasion, the chief actor in a drama of national importance. The story has not, so far as I know, been adequately told, and it is worth telling.

My neighbor's name was Joseph Rockwell Swan. * * * He was born in Oneida county, New York, in the second year of the nineteenth century, and, with such educational equipment as a New York academy could give him, he came to Columbus in his twenty-second year, and entered the law office of his uncle, Gustavus Swan, who was later one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the Nation. Five years after his admission to the bar, he was made prosecuting attorney of the county, and a few years later he was elevated to the Common Pleas bench, where he served with marked ability for eleven years. It was not a conspicuous position, but in the seven central counties of Ohio which formed his circuit he won for himself a great name by the dignity, probity, and thoroughness with which he discharged the judicial function. He had a genius for the disentanglement of legal snarls, and his discernment of what was just between man and man was keen and sure, and he made the law the servant and instrument of eternal righteousness.

In 1850, Judge Swan was chosen a delegate to the Constitutional Convention by which was framed the organic law under which Ohio lived until recently. In this assembly his voice was influential. Four years later, upon a great wave of protest against the encroachments of the slave power in Kansas and Nebraska, he was chosen to the Supreme Bench of the State by a majority of eighty thousand. Respecting his service here, one who knew the State and the courts most intimately bears this testimony:

"On the bench of the Supreme Court he fully sustained his earlier reputation as a judge, and probably held as high a place in the estimation of the bench, the bar, and the public as has ever been reached by any of the dis-

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tinguished men who have adorned our judicial history. Wise, patient, firm, impartial, cautious, he never lost sight of the dignity of his high office, to which he brought unusual native vigor of mind, large stores of learning, untiring industry, and the most conscientious regard for the rights of litigants and the abhorrence of injustice and wrong."

Such is a meager outline of the early life of the quiet gentleman whom, as an octogenarian, I came to know a quarter of a century later. Judge Swan was never a man who blew his trumpet in the streets; he was shy, silent, retiring; he was fond of good books and quiet pleasures. By all his neighbors he was held in the highest regard. The literature of the law had been enriched by him with several important volumes—one of which, on the *Powers and Duties of Justice of the Peace*, passed through many editions, and has been one of the most useful law books ever written.

But Judge Swan, when I knew him, had been for many years a private citizen. I have spoken of his election, in 1854, to the Supreme bench of the State, and of the conspicuous ability and fidelity with which he discharged, for the next five years, the duties of that office. The end of this single term of service was the end of the public life of Joseph Rockwell Swan. His retirement from office at this time brings before us the most important act of his life, and the most dramatic incident, as I see it, in the history of Ohio.

The Fugitive Slave Law, with its drastic measures for the reclamation of bondmen and the punishment of those who aided their escape or refused to assist in their capture, had greatly exasperated the Northern people; the Dred Scott decision, that negroes had no rights, had still further inflamed the popular mind; and the impending conflict, so long dreaded, was evidently about to burst upon the land. In such a tension of the popular mind that party is wisest which carefully keeps within the law. Overt acts of lawlessness, no matter how pure may be the sentiment that prompts them, invariably put their perpetrators in the wrong and leave the moral advantage with their antagonists. It was the clear understanding of this fact which characterized Lincoln's policy at the outbreak of the war. He forced the insurgents to take the initiative; there was no war until they began it; the defense of the Nation was then no longer a question with patriotic men.

There were people at the North less wise; even in Ohio there were those who did not feel the force of these considerations. The Fugitive Slave Law was highly repugnant to their moral sense; when it commanded them to aid in the capture of fugitives, they declined to obey it; and in this they would have been justified, but only on condition that they quietly accepted the penalty of the law and went to jail. In that way any citizen

has a right to protest against an iniquitous law. But some of these good people were unwilling to make their protest in this way. They determined not only that they would not obey the law, but that they would flagrantly disobey it; and then, when they were arraigned before the courts of the United States and condemned to imprisonment, they proposed to secure from the State courts judicial action nullifying the decisions of the Federal courts and setting them at liberty. This was the policy which some very good men in Ohio undertook to initiate. It was at Wellington, I believe, that an assemblage of zealous persons—I will not call it a mob—rescued a fugitive slave from the officers of the law, the Federal officers. The two men who led in the rescue were arraigned before the District Court of the United States and convicted under the Federal statute, and sent to prison. A writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out, and they were brought before the Supreme Court of Ohio, in Columbus, which was asked to set them at liberty. The distinct proposition was that the State Court should override and annul the action of the United States Court—should assert the supremacy of State law over Federal law. This was what the Supreme Court of Ohio, with Judge Swan at the head of it, was asked to do.

Judge Swan could have had no doubt that the overwhelming majority of the party which had elected him demanded this action. While the case was pending a great mass meeting was held in the public square in Cleveland—a meeting said to have been attended by ten or twelve thousand persons, over which Joshua R. Giddings presided, and at which many prominent Republicans spoke, all of whom were in favor of very drastic measures in resisting the execution of the law within the borders of Ohio. Governor Chase went to that meeting from Columbus, and very emphatically stated that if the Supreme Court of Ohio should order the liberation of the prisoners, the order would be enforced: that he would see that the United States officers were not permitted to rearrest the prisoners. A direct collision between the authorities of the State and of the United States was thus explicitly threatened by the Governor of Ohio, and the situation was extremely critical.

No more eventful day ever occurred in the history of Ohio—few days more eventful have occurred in the history of the Nation—than the day on which this case was brought to trial in the chambers of our Supreme Court in Columbus. A direct conflict between the courts of the State and of the United States might easily have precipitated civil war.

It is true that those who were demanding the release of the prisoners argued that nothing of this kind would take place; that the United States authorities would simply let the prisoners go, and carry the case up to the Supreme Court of the United States

for settlement there. This was a large assumption. What James Buchanan might have done we cannot confidently say, but if Andrew Jackson or Ulysses S. Grant or Grover Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt or any other man with a backbone had been in the White House then, I do not think that he would have stood demurely by while the national authority was trampled under foot. A nation which permitted its sovereignty to be flouted in this way by local tribunals might as well have its obituary written.

To the judges on the bench in the Ohio State House it was a trying hour. Especially severe was the strain on the Chief Justice. On him rested the heaviest responsibility. So far as his personal fortunes were concerned, the way was clear for him. His term was just expiring; the Convention for his re-nomination would meet within a week. He knew what the great majority of his party demanded of him; if he complied with that demand his nomination was certain and his election would follow as a matter of course. If he failed to comply with that demand, his political doom was sealed. Would he not be justified in rendering a decision which leaders like Chase and Giddings and all the magnates of his party in the State, supported by the rank and file, were passionately urging? Were not these good men? Most certainly they were—honest, courageous, high-minded, philanthropic men. Why should he set his will and judgment against theirs?

The humane sentiments, too, added their strength to the appeal. The Fugitive Slave Law roughly set these sentiments at naught. Judge Swan's heart rebelled as stoutly as any man's against the severities of that law. He had refused, as a lawyer, over and over to take the cases of slave-owners who had come to Columbus seeking to reclaim fugitives; he would earn no money in that way. In one rather exciting case which came before him while he was on the bench of the Common Pleas Court his decision had given a slave girl her liberty. Whatever he could do within the law to break the shackles of the slave, or to mitigate his woes, he was more than willing to do. And there is no question that he sympathized to the fullest extent with the feelings and convictions of the anti-slavery people. Why should he not yield to the dictates of this benign sentiment and to the overpowering demand of the people of Ohio, and set these prisoners at liberty? His personal fortunes, his desire for the esteem of his fellows, his humane feelings, all united to point out one path to him. Why should he not walk in it?

There was nothing in the way except his oath of office, his reverence for law, his sense of duty. To a good many people these obstacles would have been slight; to Judge Swan they

were insuperable. The organic law of the United States which he had sworn to obey and honor expressly declares:

"This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof * * * shall be the supreme law of the land: and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The supremacy of the Nation over the States is the primary condition of National existence. If the Nation enacts laws which are obnoxious to the people of any State, the people of that State have a perfect right to labor with others for the repeal of those laws; but they have no right to use the legislature or the courts of that State to nullify those laws. A nation in which this was tolerated would not be a nation; it would have renounced its sovereignty. Judge Swan knew that the attempt to array the State Court against Federal Court—to induce the former to reverse the decision of the latter, and to set free one who had been imprisoned by the latter—was nothing short of rebellion. The judicial nullification thus attempted was not different in principle from the legislative nullification which Calhoun had attempted in South Carolina. He had sworn to regard the Constitution of the United States as the supreme law of the land and the National authority as paramount over that of the States. He could not violate that oath, no matter how strongly self-interest might urge, or love of popularity prompt, or humane sentiment persuade.

It was a bright morning in May, 1859, when the decision was to be rendered in the Supreme Court chamber. It might have been delayed a few days, until after the meeting of the Republican Convention, but the Judge hastened its preparation; he was determined that the people who had the question of his re-nomination before them should act with their eyes open. From all parts of the State men had gathered at Columbus to hear the decision; it was felt that a crisis was at hand. That a rupture might occur between the State and the Nation was considered possible. It was even reported in the court-room, though there seems to have been no foundation for the rumor, that a Federal gunboat had been ordered to Cleveland to assist in maintaining the authority of the National Government. A day or two before the decision the *Cincinnati Gazette*, a Republican organ, had said this:

"Will there be a collision of the State and the Federal authorities? And if so, what ought good citizens to do? To the first question we can only answer that if the Supreme Court of the State orders Bushnell and Langston to be brought before it at Columbus, or even to be released, it is the duty of the executive to see that order obeyed. And at Cleveland, in the presence of the mass convention, Governor Chase expressed himself very decidedly on this point. He will do his duty. What the Court will decide,

however, we cannot undertake to say, nor how far the Federal officers, citizens of our own State, would undertake to resist should the decision favor the prisoners. But, should a collision occur, every good citizen must decide for himself whether he ought, in this case, to go with the Federal or with the State authorities. *The champions of a centralizing federalism will back up the pretensions of the Federal Executive. Genuine State-rights men, anti-consolidationists, and friends of genuine popular sovereignty will maintain the rights of the State against a crushing central despotism. The great man of our people will undoubtedly stand by the State authorities.*" (The italics are mine.)

On the other hand, the *Statesman*, published in Columbus, the Democratic organ, assuming that the Court would discharge the prisoners, had this to say:

"And what then? We apprehend the United States marshal will at once taken Bushnell and Langston into custody and proceed to carry out the orders of the United States District Court. Governor Chase must come to the rescue, and a collision must at once ensue. Of the consequences to follow in case this contingency arises, we shall not speak. The Democratic party of Ohio and all Union-loving men will be found on the one side and the treasonable squad of abolitionists and disunionists on the other. The law of Congress will be sustained and traitors to the country, to law, government, and order, will be overwhelmed."

This is the kind of talk which was common in the newspapers and on the streets. With an atmosphere superheated by such discussions the Supreme Court room was filled on this May morning. How easy would it be for a spark to produce an explosion! Is it any wonder that the air quivers with suppressed excitement when the Chief Justice begins to read his decision?

The suspense is not protracted. The drift of the opinion is soon indicated. The clear, strong sentences, going straight to the heart of the issue, uphold the authority of the Nation and deny the power of the State to resist and defy the Central Government. Let me quote a few of these weighty words:

"With respect to the boundary of jurisdiction between the Federal and State Government, I do not desire to say anything but this: that when Congress has undertaken to enforce by legislation a right guaranteed by the Constitution itself—after the power has been recognized by all the highest judicial tribunals of the Union before whom the question has been presented in the country for sixty-six years; and if, superadded to these circumstances, the Federal tribunals, in cases rising under the Constitution, repeatedly hold that Congress has the power—it is too late for the courts of Ohio upon their private judgment, to deny the power.

"The sense of justice of the people of Ohio has been shocked by some of the unjust provisions of the Fugitive Act. It is not the authority of Congress to legislate that they deny, but the abuse of the power. That abuse is to be remedied by Congress; and if the power to legislate is denied the question can be put an end to by repeal. It is the only Constitutional mode left. The other alternative is internecine war and resistance of our National Government.

"For myself, as a member of the Court, I disclaim the judicial power of disturbing the settled construction of the Constitution of the United States

as to legislative authority of Congress upon this subject, and must refuse the experiment of introducing disorder and governmental collision."

The decision closes with a few words which are likely to be as memorable as any in the history of Ohio jurisprudence:

"As a citizen I would not deliberately violate the Constitution or the law by interference with fugitives from service. But if a weary, frightened slave should appeal to me to protect him from his pursuers, I might momentarily forget my allegiance to the law and the Constitution and give him a covert from those who were on his track. There are, no doubt, many slaveholders who would thus follow the instincts of human sympathy. And if I did it, and was prosecuted, condemned, and imprisoned, and brought by my counsel before this tribunal on a *habeas corpus*, and was then permitted to pronounce judgment on my own case, I trust I should have the moral courage to say before God and my country, as I am now compelled to say, under the solemn duties of a Judge, bound by the Constitution and the law, '*The prisoner must be remanded.*'"

Two of the judges concurred with the Chief Justice, two dissented. The case was settled by a bare majority of the Court. But it was settled. Ohio was not to be launched into rebellion against the United States Government. The National integrity, so powerfully assailed, was successfully defended.

I have spoken of Judge Swan's part in the case, but I do not wish to ignore the courage and firmness of those who stood with him. The reason why special emphasis is placed on his action is not merely that he was the Chief Justice and the leading member of the Court, not merely that he wrote and delivered the opinion, but that he was the only member of the Court whose personal fortunes were then at stake. Politically, I believe all the Judges were attached to the same party. That the two dissenting Judges were conscientious and honorable men I do not for a moment question, but it is a little easier to go with the current than to stem it, and the feeling in favor of the release of the prisoners ran high in that court-room and throughout the State.

Consider what would have happened if Judge Swan, to say nothing of the others, had yielded to personal ambition and popular pressure. The prognostications of the newspapers, already quoted, indicate the probable consequences. The Governor would have undertaken to enforce the decree of the Ohio Court. He had publicly pledged himself to do so, and he would not have hesitated. I know that he was offered the loan of money necessary to mobilize the militia for such a conflict; I do not know that he entertained the overture, and I cannot find any record of military orders given in preparation for such an emergency. I do not think that the thing ever got so far as that. But the distinct declaration that the decree of the Supreme Court would be enforced is not questioned. In such a case the Pres-

ident, if the spirit of a man had been in him, must have insisted on the enforcement of the judgment of the District Court, and the State of Ohio would have found itself in rebellion against the National Government.

How serious this conflict might have been no man can say. But this much is certain: Ohio, by her own rebellion against the General Government would have been forever estopped from complaining, a year and a half later, of South Carolina when she rebelled. If the Northern States had begun to defy the Federal authority in the manner here proposed, they would have had no case against secession two years later. For it was less than two years after this that Ohio was sending regiments to Washington to put down with cannon and bayonets the very doctrine of States' rights which her Supreme Court was now besought to affirm. Suppose that Ohio had put herself in the wrong on this question. Could Ohio have sent regiments to Washington? Other Northern States might have followed Ohio's example. In any case such an outbreak would have paralyzed the arm of the Nation when it undertook to deal with Southern secession. The great body of conservative Union men at the North would have said, in reply to Mr. Lincoln's first call for troops: "You radicals began this war; now you can fight it out."

The irrepressible conflict was hastening on; no power could stay it; but with such acts as those which the eager populace demanded of our Ohio Court we should have disabled ourselves on the very threshold. What the consequences of such a course would have been it is useless to conjecture; but it might easily have been a divided North and a dismembered Nation. That Ohio was kept from plunging into the current which was flowing directly toward this cataract of disaster was due mainly to the firmness and strength of one man, whose just mind could not be influenced by ambition nor swayed by clamor, "one still, strong man in a blatant land."

Of course the Convention of his party threw him overboard the next week without a sign of relenting; his public life was ended. It had fallen to his lot to render his State and his country such a service as few men have ever been able to render; his recompense was to be ostracised and banished from power. It would be hard, I dare say, to find a respectable lawyer in Ohio today who would deny that his decision was exactly right, but I doubt whether many of the citizens of the State have ever been fully aware of the tremendous political blunder—worse, almost, than a crime—from which his probity delivered the commonwealth.

I think that a monument is due him. There is no place in Capitol Square too choice for it. Let it stand there in bronze,

under the midday brightness, under the steadfast stars, silent and firm as he was in the flesh; and if we wish our children to know the truth, let us write upon the pedestal:

"This is the man who in a great crisis by his courage and constancy held back his well-meaning neighbors from plunging the State into a withering abyss of rebellion and anarchy."

Why I Love the Gospel

By John A. Burt

Because it is the power of God unto salvation, and the only means by which mankind may be saved.

Because of its origin, for the eternal God has established it, guided, and will guide, it forever.

I reverence it for the divine Spirit permeating it, making it a pulsating, throbbing and living force.

For its magnitude, its height and breadth, its depth and scope, its truth and power.

It is a source of comfort to those who mourn: resting the weary, strengthening the weak, reclaiming the wayward. It provides for the poor, husbands the widow, and fathers the orphan.

Through it, sorrows are ameliorated, burdens lightened, tasks made pleasures, and sufferings made blessings.

Because, by the gospel, remorse, distress, suffering, despair and eternal punishment are taught to be the result of sin and disobedience.

I admire the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints for the practical lessons of thrift and development it teaches, for the educational progress and advancement it fosters, and for advancing the doctrine and principle that "the glory of God is intelligence."

I love it for the precepts of virtue it embodies, including kindness, charity, patience, long suffering, humility, mercy and forgiveness.

For the hope it brings; the faith it inspires; the truth it contains; the wisdom it offers; the justice it yields; the knowledge it imparts; the light it sheds forth, and the love it develops.

For the Priesthood it confers, the authority it gives, the

covenenats and ordinances it administers, and the gifts and blessings it bestows.

For its wonderful organization, its healings, visions, prophecies, revelations, keys, gifts and powers.

For its teachings concerning the Godhead, Preexistence, Creation, the Fall, the Atonement, and the Resurrection, which are both reasonable and scriptural.

I love the gospel because by obedience to its doctrines and principles the promise is given of eternal life, also increase and progress forever, together with thrones, principalities, powers, dominions, kingdoms and exaltations.

All the joy that fills my being; all the happiness of my soul; all the comfort I enjoy, all the security that I feel, I ascribe unto the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints.

It has inspired me with confidence, granted me peace, given me courage, and strengthened me in time of trial.

It is a boon indeed, for my heart rejoices because of it, my spirit has been quickened by it, my being has been thrilled by it, and my soul swallowed up in it.

Most dearly I love it for the Great Father, in whose image man was created; my blessed Redeemer who died for us; and I love it for the gentle, refreshing spirit that testifies to me, so sweetly, that all of its doctrines and principles are truly the pure and undefiled gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

M. I. A. Summer Work

The General Boards are preparing programs for summer joint meetings. There will be three series of outlines, one for the regular Sunday evening joint session, and two others to be given during the month. These programs are expected to begin in April and continue for five months. They will be published in the April magazines and it is desired that all stakes and wards make plans to begin the work very soon after the General Conference.

New M. I. A. Superintendents

The following changes have been effected in the superintendencies of the Y. M. M. I. A. Spencer Madsen was sustained as the superintendent of the South Sanpete stake of Y. M. M. I. A.

Willard B. Farr was sustained as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of St. Johns stake, Ariz.

A new ward was organized in Portneuf stake, entitled the Topaz ward, with Daniel P. Stephenson bishop.

Prophecy and the World War

By Charles W. Kingston

When Germany let loose her hell hounds in August, 1914, it was no surprise to those who knew the word of the Lord. He had shown the very time and nature of the struggle, more than twenty-five centuries before, to one of his prophets who lived in America. Although our nation is the birthplace and cradle of freedom, it was almost three years after the beginning of the war before the United States government seemed to realize the nature of the contest, and even then the truth had to be brought home to her by the trampling under foot of her sacred rights, and by the murder of her citizens on the high seas. Even then, very few of our people realized that the struggle then going on in Europe was a contest and, indeed, a death grapple between liberty, on the one side, and autocracy, on the other.

But the King of this land, Jesus Christ, the champion of liberty from the very beginning of time, even before the earth was created, says, speaking to Nephi, with reference to the time in which we live, and of the land which we are pleased to call our home:

“And this land shall be a land of liberty * * * and there shall be no kings upon the land * * * and I will fortify this land against all other nations; and he that fighteth against Zion [or, in other words, the land of liberty] shall perish, sayeth God; for he that raiseth up a king against me [or, carrying the meaning from the former verse, against the principle of freedom and liberty,] shall perish, for I the Lord the King of heaven, will be their King.”

To students of American history and doctrine these words are very significant, also with regard to our part in the world conflict. It is also a striking fact, in the light of things recorded in this inspired writing, that the Government of the United States should declare war on the 6th day of April, the revealed date of the birthday of Christ, and also the anniversary of the organization of his Church. Had the Kaiser and his cohorts understood and believed the Book of Mormon, which was translated into the German language many years ago by the unselfish sacrifice of some humble elders, instead of banishing its teachers from his land, what a blessing it might have been to Germany and to the rest of the world.

In a recent issue of the *Literary Digest*, quoting the *Los Angeles Times*, General Foch is described as Christ's general. While the fighting was at its height General Foch spent hours at a time in prayer and supplication to God, praying for divine aid, that

he might be able to conduct the mighty army successfully, and thus gain the victory for the cause of freedom.* From an understanding of the scriptures quoted, and the knowledge of the outcome of the war, we know that he did not pray unrewarded.

*There is a strong contrast between the Kaiser and the figure the Los Angeles *Times* draws of his conqueror, General Ferdinand Foch—"the Gray Man of Christ." "This has been Christ's war," says *The Times* "Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the Generalissimo, in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man."

"The deeper we question as to who Foch is, the clearer is the answer that in every act of his life and in every thought of his brain he is Christ's man."

"If you were to ask him, 'Are you Christ's man?' he would answer 'Yes.'"

"It seems to be beyond all shadow of doubt that when the hour came in which all Christ stood for was to either stand or fall, Christ raised up a man to lead the hosts that battled for him."

"When the hour came in which truth and right, charity, brotherly love, justice, and liberty were either to triumph or to be blotted out of the world, Christ came again upon the road to Damascus."

"Whoever does not realize this and see it clearly as a fact, he does but blunder stupidly."

"There will be a crowding company of critics when the war is ended and they will all be filled with the *ego* of their own conclusions. They will attempt to explain the genius of Foch with maps and diagrams. But, while they are doing so, if you will look for Foch in some quiet church, it is there that he will be found humbly giving God the glory, and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself."

"Can that kind of a man win a war? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see."

"A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino, in which he gives, as well as any one else could give, the answer to the question we ask."

"This American boy—Evans by name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France."

"Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bared head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, also entered the church. Only one orderly accompanied the quiet, gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aids were with him; nobody but just the orderly."

"Evans paid small attention at first to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church, praying. The minutes passed until full three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees."

"Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awe-struck faces as he passed."

"It was Foch. And now Evans, of San Bernardino, counts the experience as the greatest in his life. During that three-quarters of an hour that the Generalissimo of all the Allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death."

"Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terranes at his command, generals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he com-

However, all liberty-loving persons will not soon forget the mighty dread which filled their very souls during those dark hours when the deciding battles were being fought, when the cause of liberty was hanging in the balance; but they will long remember the supreme joy and relief they felt when the danger point was safely past.

Christ styles himself the Champion of Freedom and Liberty, any one fighting against these principles are fighting against him; and, indeed, the war just past is by no means the first one waged upon the same lines. We read that there was a war in heaven to decide the very same issues, Christ being the Champion of Liberty there, and the victor also. In that struggle, Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, was cast out of heaven with his innumerable host, and since that time he has ever been planning and working to foist his pet scheme of autocracy upon the inhabitants of the earth.

The prophecy spoken of above is found in I Nephi 14:13, and reads as follows:

"And it came to pass that the great mother of abominations did gather together multitudes upon the face of all the earth, among all the nations of the gentiles, to fight against the lamb of God * * * and it came to pass that I beheld that the wrath of God was poured out upon the great and abominable church, insomuch that there were wars and rumors of wars

manded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

"Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

"Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

"If young Evans could have followed the General on to headquarters, where reports were waiting him and news of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the General's face, but he would have seen no look of surprise there.

"Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau, the old Tiger of France, stood on the battle-front with anxious heart, one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory.

"The great agnostic statesman doubted, but the Gray Man of Christ did not doubt.

"The facts, then, in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is, first of all, a Christian. * * *

"Young Evans, of San Bernardino, just an every-day American boy from under the shadow of old San Gorgonio, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.

"They represented the two great democracies of the world, but there in that old church they represented, jointly, a far greater thing—the democracy of Christ."

among all the nations and kindreds of the earth, * * * and when the day cometh that the wrath of God is poured out upon the mother of harlots, which is the great and abominable church of all the earth, whose foundation is the devil, then, at that day the work of the Father shall commence, in preparing the way for the fulfilling of his covenants, which he has made to his people, who are of the House of Israel."

In order to be able to understand the prophecy more fully it will be necessary to get a Book of Mormon definition of the phrases: mother of harlots, abominable church, the whore of all the earth, phrases used interchangeably and all applying to the same thing. In II Nephi 10:16, we find the phrase defined: "Wherefore, he that fighteth against Zion [or, in other words, liberty] both Jew and Gentile, both bond and free, both male and female, shall perish; for they are they who are the whore of all the earth."

Then, the great and abominable church are they, no matter of what creed or race, who are against liberty and freedom in any sense of the term. Then, to interpret the verse more literally, by aid of the inspired record itself, and not any private interpretation, we have it something like this: And it came to pass that the plotters against freedom and liberty, the champions of autocracy, or the cohorts of Kaiserism (in other words, or the words of the book, "the abominable church") did gather together multitudes from all the nations of the gentiles to fight against Liberty, Zion, or their Champion, the Son of God, whichever you choose to call it. The issue could not be more clearly defined.

Another interesting feature of this prophecy is the last part which says that at this time when the wrath of God is poured out, etc., that the Father would commence to fulfil his promises which he has made to the House of Israel. That this promise does not altogether have reference to the restoration of the gospel must be quite clear to any Book of Mormon student, because Nephi always refers to the people who were to be the custodians of the gospel message, as gentiles, to distinguish them from the other two branches of the House of Israel so often mentioned by him. This, then, would more fully refer to the Jews and the Lamanites; so now that the way is open we will soon see the hand of God in the deliberations of the peace conference shifting the scenes favorable to the return of the Jews to their holy land; and the fulfilment of all the prophecies concerning them. We may also look for the awakening of the Lamanites from their long slumbering, when we may expect the Spirit of God to fall upon them, and do more for them in a few short years than four centuries of civilization has accomplished. And when these things happen under our very eyes, who will be so blind as not to see in them the Supreme will and pleasure?

Idaho Falls, Idaho.

A Prospector's Adventure

By Claude T. Barnes

In a picturesque and rugged part of the Wasatch mountains there once lived a prospector by the name of Parker, a kindly-mannered man of about sixty years of age, healthy, resourceful and wiry. His solitary log cabin was nestled beside a spring in the midst of a grove of majestic balsams; and summer and winter he had no companions save a few friendly blue jays, magpies and small mammals.

Parker had found several fortunes for other men; for it was his habit, when he made a discovery of exceptional merit, to sell his interest at once and then set out again into the wilds. He loved the clear air of the mountains and the inspiring grandeur of snow-capped peaks; for though encouraged always by the thought of gold he was at heart sincerely reverent, finding in the mystical beauty and power of nature the nearest communion with the Infinite Power.

At the time of which we speak Parker searched each day through the labyrinthine tunnels, stopes and levels of a once famous though now deserted mine, his belief being that by some chance he would uncover a rich, undetected vein of ore. The mine or mine entrance was at the foot of a wind-swept escarpment, over a mile by devious trails from the snug habitation of the old miner.

It was a cold, bright morning in February when Parker closed the cabin door behind him and trudged through the crisp, deep snow up the canyon slopes towards the tunnel. A snowy owl skimmed silently from a pine tree whence he had frightened it; hundreds of juncos flushed before him and alighted further down; and a lonely coyote jarbled its weird howl from a distant ridge. Once he stopped beside a handsome young balsam and ate some of the gummy blisters, the acrid substance being to his mind a tonic and regulator of rare value.

The wind had swept all of the snow from the entrance to the tunnel, proving that grim winter had come to its most ruthless period of destruction. Lighting his head-lantern and picking up dynamite and tools, he walked into the tunnel.

A slight noise before him for a second attracted his attention, but attributing it to either a pebble falling from the tunnel-wall or the scurry of a wood-rat, he gave the matter little thought and walked further into the gloom. The mine was a maze of crosscuts like the catacombs on the *Via Appia*; indeed, one might walk for an hour through the complicated stopes, tunnels

and side-tunnels without traversing them all. Unprotected shafts, rotted ladders and loosely hanging boulders, moreover, made this maze dangerous to all except the most expert miner.

As Parker neared the first side-tunnel he again heard a slight rushing sound; and though courageous far beyond the average, he sensed a slight tremor at the thought that perhaps some new danger lurked ahead. Yet had he not a hundred times searched through the dismal old mine without greater misfortune than occasionally becoming lost? He hesitated but a moment and then continued to grope his way through the various passages.

Finally he stopped to examine a side wall at a point that appeared to cover a vein; he picked at it for a time with his pick; and then taking up his hammer and drill proceeded to make a hole for the powder. It was not long before the shot was properly tamped and the cap placed; so, lighting the fuse he stepped briskly back into another passage. The fuse sputtered and then a terrific explosion rent the wall, the sound reverberating and grumbling through the intricate tunnels and shafts as an echo in the Hyrcynian wood. This to Parker was usual, commonplace; but as the sounds subsided a piercing scream, like that of a wild woman, issued from a neighboring tunnel and held him frozen with horror.

Never in all his experience as a miner had he ever heard anything so uncanny and dreadful. His hair seemed creeping from his scalp; cold drops of sweat beaded down his forehead and in utter consternation he leaned weakly against the side of the tunnel. Nothing is so weird and alarming as the indiscernible peril. This intrepid man of the woods, accustomed to meeting bears and passing them with mutual deference and respect, was at a complete loss to cope with the supernatural.

For a time he awaited, agape, as if expecting another scream; for no one would have mistaken the sound for the cry of a human in distress—it was more powerful, more doleful. It had about it an inexplicable mingling of distress and loneliness, power and yet fear.

As there was no repetition, Parker gradually summoned up his courage and with pick in hand resolutely but slowly approached the tunnel from which the scream had come. His head-light created a thousand furtive timber shadows, which led to disquieting imaginations, but when at last he gazed into the portentous tunnel, nothing but sombre, dripping stone met his eyes.

Too unstrung to think of giving up the mystery, which unless solved would forever haunt his work, he gradually searched other passages to no avail. At last he thought that he would shout in the hope of human reply; but his voice stuck in his

throat as if unwilling to disclose his presence to the hobgoblin near. Yet some sound must have escaped him, for instantly the tunnels were again pierced by another appalling screech.

Nevertheless, instead of dismaying Parker, as might be expected, it had a slightly different intonation at the end that actually seemed to inspire him with renewed boldness. He advanced more quickly now, but with his body drawn into a more alert attitude of defense, as if convinced that the encounter, when it took place, would at least be with flesh and blood.

The scream was again repeated; and then, as Parker quickly sneaked upon the sound, two glowing balls like discs of phosphorus suddenly appeared beside a distant timber.

Here at last was the Gorgon itself, though presumably without loathsome snakes for hair. For a full minute he steadily met the animal's gaze, awaiting some sign of belligerency. Nothing happened save the uninterrupted glowing of the two apprehensive eyes.

It suddenly dawned upon Parker, however, that the animal stood in the very spot over which he must go to make his exit from that group of tunnels in which he had been drilling. This thought gave him some concern; but realizing that a sign of timidity before a wild animal is a quickly appreciated invitation to attack, he groped about for a stone and then threw it boldly and fiercely at the glowing eyes.

Again the scream shot along the tunnel walls; but the eyes disappeared, whither Parker could not discern. He approached and found the passage clear.

Now a personal encounter with a wild animal in a dark mine was not advisable for a man armed only with a miner's pick; and, moreover, Parker now knew full well that he himself had unwittingly driven the skulking animal into the mine against its will and that it was lost.

With the idea of passing out of the mine and procuring a gun before the disconcerted animal should find the exit, he quickly walked along tunnels well known to him and in ten or fifteen minutes emerged from the mine.

He had not gone over four or five rods from the mouth of the tunnel when some telepathic influence caused him to turn his head back. To his surprise a fine, big mountain lion was in the act of leaving the tunnel. He shouted as if to stop it, but it bounded lithely and quickly up the hill and away. The distracted animal, from sheer desperation, had actually followed closely at his heels in the hope of escaping from the even more terrifying mine. It is strange how animals, when thus at the ends of their wits, will turn to man, their deadliest foe, for refuge; and it is akin to the act of the doe rushing to the hunter to escape his relentless hounds.

A New Dispensation

Authority by Restoration, Not Through Succession

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

To act officially in affairs of government, to administer public laws and ordinances, a man must have been duly elected or appointed and must have qualified as the law provides. If there be but the shadow of doubt as to his legal competency, his acts, say as president, senator, governor, judge or mayor, are almost sure to be challenged; and, if his claims to authority be invalid, his so-called official acts are justly pronounced null and void, while the quondam pretender may be liable to severe penalty.

In like manner authority to administer the ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be definitely vested through personal conferment as the law of God prescribes.

“And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.” (Heb. 5:4).

Aaron was called and set apart to the priestly office by revelation from God through Moses, and retributive punishment fell upon all who essayed to minister without authority in the priest's office. Consider the awful fate of Korah and his associates (Num. 16), the instance of Uzziah king of Judah (2 Chron. 26), and, in New Testament times, that of Sceva's sons (Acts 19), all of whom brought upon themselves condign penalty for blasphemously arrogating the right to officiate in the name of the Lord.

How great a lesson is writ for warning and guidance in the history of Saul, king of Israel! He had received his anointing under the hand of Samuel the prophet. On the eve of battle, when Samuel delayed his coming to offer sacrifices for victory, Saul presumptuously officiated at the altar, failing to realize that, king though he was, his royal authority did not empower him to serve even as a deacon in the household of God. His sacrilege was one of the principal causes that led to his rejection by the Lord.

While in the flesh Christ *chose His Apostles and ordained them*, bestowing upon them specific authority. Those who were afterward called through revelation, e. g., Matthias, Saul of Tarsus who came to be known as Paul the Apostle, Barnabas, and

others, were ordained by those previously invested with the Holy Priesthood.

Elders, priests, bishops, teachers and deacons in the Primitive Church on the Eastern hemisphere were all similarly ordained; and so a succession was maintained until the Church, corrupted and apostate, was no longer worthy to be called the Church of Jesus Christ, because it was not; and the real Church, characterized by investiture of the Holy Priesthood, was lost to mankind.

When the Resurrected Lord established His Church on the Western Continent, He called and personally commissioned Twelve Disciples; and later, others were with equal definiteness and certainty called and ordained to priestly functions by revelation through those in authority; and this order continued in the West until, through transgression, the people became apostate and succession in the priesthood no longer obtained. See Book of Mormon, 3 Nephi 11 and later chapters.

There is but one church on the earth today claiming authority in the Holy Priesthood by direct succession from the Primitive Church; and surely none can consistently assert priestly powers by spontaneous origination. The rational interpretation of history reveals the literal fulfilment of ancient prophecy in the absolute loss of sacerdotal authority during the early centuries of the Christian Era; so that present-day claim to the Priesthood through unbroken succession from the Apostles of old rests upon arbitrary assertion only.

If a mother church be devoid of Divine commission in the Holy Priesthood, definitely and authoritatively vested, no sect springing from that parent institution can inherit the Priesthood.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints positively avers that it lays claim to no priestly authority through mortal succession reaching back to the Primitive Church of the East, nor by descent from the Nephite Church of Christ as established on the Western Continent.

To the contrary, this Church affirms the complete cessation of Divine commission in churchly organizations, and the consequent necessity of a restoration—a new dispensation from the heavens.

This Church disavows any and all derivation of appointment or commission, direct or implied, from other organizations, Catholic or Protestant, “established” or dissenting churches, sects or parties. It defends the rights of all men, whether church members or not, to worship as they severally choose to do, and to believe in and advocate the genuineness of any sect or church to which they elect to belong; and, by the same principle of liberty, it claims the right to set forth its own professions and

doctrines, the while bespreading of these a dispassionate and prayerful consideration.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints avows that the Holy Priesthood has been restored to earth in the present age, by means and manner strictly in accord with prophecy; and that through direct bestowal from the heavens the authority to administer the ordinances of the Gospel, which are indispensable to individual salvation, is operative today in preparation for the advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is near, as hath been predicted by the mouths of holy prophets and by the coming Lord Himself.

How to Raise World-Record Potatoes

By Charles R. Pugh

[In 1917, the Church offered a \$1,000 prize for the best potato yield. It was won by Elder Charles R. Pugh, president of the 85th quorum of Seventy, Kanab stake. Many have written from all parts of the United States, desiring to know how the conditions under which this remarkable crop was produced which set a new world record. Information in detail follows, sent to the *Era* through courtesy of D. D. Rust, Kanab.—*Editors*]

In response to inquiry, with reference to the production of 825 bushels of potatoes on one acre of ground, which won the thousand-dollar prize offered by the "Mormon" Church, in 1917, I will state briefly the facts regarding the production:

1. This yield was made on my Sink Valley ranch, about 30 miles north of Kanab, near Alton, in Kane county, Utah. The land is on a gentle slope to the south with a high mountain background to the north. It was originally a flood plain covered with wild rosebrush and black sage. The soil is a sand-clay-loam easy to mulch and not easy to bake.

2. The altitude of Sink Valley is a little above 7,000 feet, and the annual precipitation is between 25 and 30 inches average. The moisture is well distributed throughout the year. In the winter, usually one to two feet of snow lies on the ground for three to five months.

3. The previous crop was alfalfa for ten years and wheat for one year. The alfalfa was ploughed up deep in the fall of 1915 and the land seeded to wheat, the spring of 1916. An excellent yield of wheat was harvested in the fall, and the stubble ploughed nine inches deep in October, 1916. The land was left rough and was covered during the fall and early winter with a good coat of coarse manure, 100 loads to the acre. A

thorough harrowing was given in the spring of 1917, as soon as the soil was in condition to work, and three more harrowings were given before planting time, after each shower, to keep the ground well mulched and to mix the manure with the soil.

4. The seed was "Golden Coin," a variety imported into the country about ten years ago. Healthy, smooth, well-shaped, medium-sized potatoes were selected from the cellar. The stem end was not planted. The rest of the potato was cut so as to provide one eye for each piece. The seed had not been treated for disease.

5. Commenced planting May 10, 1917. The seed was dropped by hand, one piece in a place, six to eight inches apart, and ploughed in four inches deep with rows three feet apart (every third furrow). As soon as planting was completed the ground was harrowed over three times. Three harrowings more were given before the plants came up. No harrowing after plants came up.

6. As soon as rows of plants showed well above the ground, run through with small cultivator. This was repeated three times before plants blossomed. Hoed weeds around and hilled up plants just as blossoming began. When in full bloom, ran through with shovel plow, hilling up plants, and making furrow for irrigation.

7. In irrigating, I used a small stream in each furrow, and let soak from twelve to thirty-six hours, until moisture reached plants thoroughly. After first irrigation, the cultivator and hoe were used again for the last time. Irrigation was continued at such intervals as to keep the soil full of moisture, but not muddy. After second irrigation, further cultivation was not practicable as the vines then covered the ground, and were lopped down.

8. Digging commenced, October 15, and was done with a shaker potato digger put out by the Moline Plow Company.

9. The yield was 825 bushels of clean, marketable potatoes, on one acre of ground. The land was measured, and the potatoes weighed by a disinterested committee of three, appointed by the "Mormon" Church bishopric of Kanab. The contest was entered in the name of the 85th Quorum of Seventy, a priesthood organization of the Church, of which I am one of the seven presidents.

10. This yield, which I am informed sets a new record for the world, is not extraordinary for my Sink Valley farm. The production on an acre and a quarter, the following year, 1918, was 1,000 bushels. And previous years were close up to that mark.

Very sincerely,

Kanab, Utah

(Signed) *Charles R. Pugh*

EDITORS' TABLE



The First Vision

On the morning of a beautiful, clear day, in the early spring of 1820, Joseph Smith, the prophet, who through the mercy of the Lord was the instrument in restoring the gospel and establishing the Church of Jesus Christ, went out into a grove to pray vocally, for the first time in his life. He did this in conformity with the scriptural statement: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Then it was that a light rested upon him and he saw two personages standing above him in the air. Their brightness and glory defied all description. These Holy Beings were God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. The former spake to him, in answer to his petition, and, pointing to the other, said: "*This is my beloved Son, hear him.*"

The object of the young man's inquiry was to learn which of all the religious sects was right. This question he asked, and further wished to know which of all he should join. He was told to join none of them, for they were all wrong, their creeds were an abomination in the sight of the Lord, their professors corrupt, their hearts far from God, and they taught for "doctrines the commandments of men; having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." He was again forbidden to join any of them.

Upon this vision, supplemented by others that followed, was founded the "marvelous work and a wonder" known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The vision seems simple enough in itself, but when it is analyzed, we find that it proclaims not only a new conception of God, but far reaching possibilities for religious advancement in the world under divine authority.

President Heber J. Grant recently wrote:

"The coming of the Father and the Son to the Prophet Joseph is the greatest event that has taken place in all the world, since the birth of our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ." The statement is true, and a grave responsibility rests upon all who hold the authority to proclaim the fact, for the message must be declared to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. The restoration of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with authority

from God to act in its ordinances, which followed, must be called to the attention of the peoples of the whole world.

The result of the vision, as we see it in the establishment, growth, development and progress of the Church, has proved a marvel in itself as well as a testimony to the world that God is a personage of body, parts, passions, in whose likeness man is created; that He lives; that He did reveal Himself and his Son to Joseph in answer to prayer, and that His Church is founded upon revelation and directed by inspiration from the Most High. It is established in the earth with a priesthood having power and authority to preach the gospel of faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sin; to officiate in its ordinances and to confer its blessings upon the repentant believer, to his spiritual and temporal welfare and happiness and his eternal salvation and glory.

As we celebrate the occasion this spring, let us remember that it is the duty of the elders of the Church to bring the restored gospel to the attention of the peoples of the world. The young men of the Church should obtain a testimony for themselves. The way to obtain it is pointed out by the act of Joseph. The reconstruction of the nations after the world war will provide an opportunity for such testimony and proclamation, by granting to the people religious freedom. Seventies and elders of the Church of Christ are directly interested in this matter. They hold the keys of salvation and should be diligent in proclaiming the message and opening the doors of advancement to all who will listen, both at home and abroad. Other members of the Church who enjoy the true spirit of the gospel will stand back of them with all the spiritual and temporal aid at their command.

The one hundredth anniversary of this glorious vision, will doubtless be fittingly celebrated next spring, both in the organized stakes of Zion, and perhaps also in the Sacred Grove—but particularly should this wonderful event create an awakening among all the Saints to its profound significance, impressing upon them their deep responsibility as witnesses to the marvelous event which so gloriously presaged the restoration of the gospel to the earth, and which already has so grounded its influence upon the religions of the world.

Whiskey and Tobacco

Ratification of the National Prohibition amendment was formally proclaimed on January 29, 1919, by Frank L. Polk, Acting Secretary of State. It is expected that the law will become

effective January 16, 1920, a year after the ratification by Nebraska, the 36th state to take favorable action. New York and Vermont ratified the amendment January 29, 1919; so far 45 states have approved the amendment.

In a little less than 87 years following the declaration of Joseph Smith, the prophet: "Inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father," the people of the United States have come practically to a unanimous conclusion that he was right on this subject.

We hope it will not be long before his other emphatic declaration: "Tobacco is not for the body* * * and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle," will be adopted with similar unanimity by the people of our Nation. Indeed, there are strong movements in this direction already in operation. Utah and Idaho should be among the first of the states to legally prohibit its sale and use. Let all the stores controlled by Latter-day Saints accelerate the movement by declaring that henceforth tobacco will not be sold by them. What large institution will start the movement? How many individuals will help by quitting tobacco of their own accord?

War-Modified Education

Dr. A. E. Winship, a great traveler, a thrilling lecturer and a friend of the Latter-day Saints, writes in a recent issue of his paper, the *Boston Journal of Education*:

Democracy is of and by and for the common people, just as autocracy is for aristocracy. When we make the world safe for democracy, we make it a common-people's world.

The modification of this war is greater than we can even imagine. Take the religious modifications, for instance. We have not realized how many of us had our highest test of religious love by devilish hate of other religions. Who can conceive of the American Y. M. C. A. offering its hut to the Knights of Columbus, for the celebration of mass and administering of the communion? And when the Knights of Columbus have their hut ready, they in turn invite their Israelitish "brethren" to administer to their Jewish worshipers in a Roman Catholic "temple." And on the ever-memorable day in April, 1917, when the United States Senate voted us into the world-war, and a Democrat from the Gulf pledged a consecrated South to this war, and a rock-ribbed Republican from Massachusetts solemnly dedicated his party and his state to the arming of this war, and a senator from New York spoke for the devotion of his state and of his people, a reverend hush fell upon the reverend senators as the hour closed and one of their number rose and in a wonderful prayer represented Baptists and Methodists, Unitarians and Episcopalians, Catholics and Jews, before the throne of God. Probably the most remarkable fact that can be recorded of American Christians is the fact that that prayer was offered by Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah.

In theory public education is democratic in the forming, but as a matter

of fact it has always been more aristocratic than democratic. All this is changing. At a summer normal school in San Diego, Calif., the president and every teacher devoted their evenings for five weeks to teaching one hundred draftees from Chicago in Camp Kearny to read and write, and to learn an inconceivable number of other things valuable to them as men "over there." That normal-school faculty forgot the traditional superstition of the normal school, and without a course of study, without a common method, without notebooks or diagrams, did four years' work in five weeks with many of those men.

Finally, we are war-modified politically. I wish to offer myself as a living example of a war-modified politician. I am a Republican of Republicans. I was born that way and have never sold my birthright. I have never been a candidate for a salaried office, appointive or elective. I have done my bit by voice and purse in every campaign since I was twenty-one years of age. I have been in five of the last six Republican conventions. I did what I could in the presidential campaigns of 1912 and 1916, and I was not on the winning side. In this hour of our nation's and the world's crisis I am thankful that American voters were wiser than I, that the man whom the Lord seems to have raised up for this hour is the commander in chief of the Armies and Navies of the United States, and the world's leader in thought and action in making the world safe for democracy.

Messages from the Missions

People More Susceptible to the Truth

Conference President Don T. Udall writing from Portland, Maine, February 8, says: "This is a picture of the elders laboring in Portland,



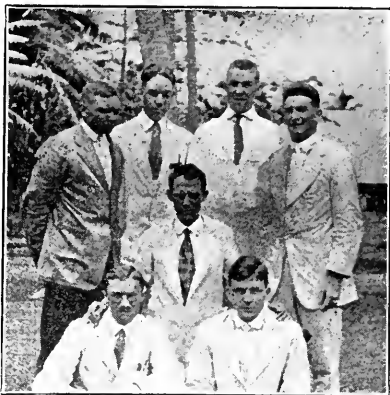
Maine: top row: D. D. Parkinson, Rexburg, Ida.; Don. T. Udall, St. Johns, Ariz.; center: Oliver Haroldson, Idaho Falls; front: Glen Evans, Safford, Arizona. The Maine conference includes the states of Maine, and New Hampshire. Those two states in the past, have been considered the most impregnable, when it comes to teaching the plan of life and salvation, of all the states in our Country. In recent times, however, we have been privileged to enjoy the right of entering churches located in the heart of Portland, and expounding the simple principles and teachings of the Savior to the congregations. The people, as a rule, are becoming more broad-

minded and susceptible to truth. The prospects of obtaining workers in this wonderful and important movement of the Latter-days are bright. We feel sure that the Lord is answering the prayers and efforts of the Latter-day Saints in preparing the hearts and minds of the people to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ. The *Era* reaches us regularly, and its contents impart encouragement and knowledge to us missionaries. It has proved

a notable factor in many cases in our conference in causing persons to think deeply on the subject of religion, leading them finally to accept the gospel. We ask that our heavenly Father may aid you in your great work."

Villages Calling for Missionaries

Ray G. Wood, conference president of the Upolu branch, Samoa, sends a group picture of the elders of the Samoan mission, who were present at the Upolu conference, last October. Left to right, standing, H. O. Anderson, Leland Twitchell, J. L. Johnson; Vernon G. Woolley, Conference president of Tutulia; kneeling, W. A. Keith, mission president; in front, Ray G. Wood, Conference president of Upolu; C. M. Ferrin, conference president of Savaii. "Our number is only half what it was one year ago, the work therefore is being put more and more upon the shoulders of the native brethren; even with their help, our numbers are far from being sufficient to supply the demand made upon us by the work. There are now four villages that want missionaries to establish branches, but as yet we have been unable to supply them. We feel that a big harvest of souls is imminent. We are indeed grateful to the *Era* for the help and consolation we receive in the days of trial and distress, from reading its inspiring articles and stories."



Working for the Local Red Cross

President John L. Herrick forwards the accompanying picture of elders laboring at Sheridan, Wyoming; left to right: Paul Wynn, J. Edwin Nelson.



Bryan Bean. "Elder J. Edwin Nelson has had an opportunity for rather an unusual experience during the recent influenza epidemic. Shortly after the disease became prevalent, when conditions became specially urgent for help, he volunteered his services to the local Red Cross, and for a time was engaged in investigating the various homes and localities, and a little later was asked to take charge of the office work, being thus engaged for nearly two months. His work has been highly

commended by prominent citizens and Red Cross officials."

Appreciate the *Era*

President A. B. Smith of the East Washington conference of the Northwestern States mission writes, September 12: "The elders of this conference wish to express their appreciation for the *Era* sent us free of charge. We believe it is the best magazine published. Its message is elevating; its



stories are clean, wholesome and faith-promoting, this being in very deed an improvement era, its mission is much needed to develop improvement in all directions. The elders laboring in this mission are, left to right, standing: T. J. Kirk, Franklin Robinson, Wm. A. Behling, L. D. Perry, R. L. Walker; sitting: H. W. Green, A. B. Smith, conference president; W. H. Stringham."

Hungering for the Gospel

C. E. Schank and E. R. Hanks writing from Evansville, Indiana, June 29: "The *Era* is always welcomed by us missionaries. We are enjoying our labors more and more each day. Elder Hanks plays the violin, Elder Schank the clarinet, and with our music on the street corners as well as in the homes, we are making many friends and opening up many new homes in which we may find opportunity to present the gospel message. We have been following the Book of Mormon Campaign work, placing the books before the people and explaining the various teachings of that precious volume. We have been very successful and consider the Book of Mormon the best tract for a friend-maker. Prejudice is decreasing while the spirit of investigation is taking its place. The people here appear to be hungering for the gospel and a number are accepting. We feel well in the work, for the Lord is pouring out his richest blessings on us, and our testimonies to the truthfulness of the gospel and its restoration to the Prophet Joseph Smith is stronger every day."

PASSING EVENTS



The total War debt burden of the Allied nations, is given as \$130,000,000,000.

For famine relief in Europe, the Senate of the United States on January 24, passed a bill appropriating one hundred million dollars, as called for by President Wilson; the House passed the measure sometime prior by a vote of 272 to 43.

The value of farm crops for 1918 in the United States, aggregated, according to a recent estimate, \$14,090,000,769. This is five hundred million dollars more than the total of any previous year, according to the estimate of the Department of Agriculture.

The direct cost of the war, according to a London authority, writing in the Daily Telegraph, is two hundred billion. This same authority estimates the indirect cost due to diminished trade and financial disturbances at two hundred fifty billion dollars.

The 1919 wheat crop has been guaranteed by the government, and the administration now asks a billion two hundred fifty million dollars to enable the government to carry out its guarantee to the farmers of a price of \$2.20 a bushel, for the wheat raised this year.

Connecticut, through its state senate, on February 4, voted 20 to 14 against the ratification of the national prohibition amendment. Connecticut is the first state to refuse ratification. New York ratified the amendment, January 29, and Vermont on the same date, making 44 states which had ratified up to that date.

War casualties of the American forces in France, show a total of deaths, missing, and known prisoners, tabulated up to January 10, for each of the thirty combatant divisions of General Pershing's army, as 56,592, of whom 17,434 are classified as missing or captured. Approximately 10,000 men remain wholly unaccounted for.

The War Saving Stamps quota, for Utah, for 1919, amounts to \$4,368,500. The quota for the twelfth Federal Reserve District, \$96,000,000 in thrift and War Saving Stamps, to be sold during this year. The stamps are sold on the same basis of price and on the same condition as to maturity, as prevailed with the earlier issues. Banks and post-offices are supplied with stamps and baby bonds.

The Woman's Suffrage Constitutional Amendment, was rejected by the Senate of the United States, on February 10. The resolution for submission of the amendment failed of adoption, with fifty-five votes in favor of it, and twenty-nine against, just one vote less than the necessary two-thirds. Senators Nugent of Idaho, Pittman of Nevada, Smoot of Utah, and King of Utah, were for the measure; Senator Borah of Idaho, voted against it.



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The American Army Crossing the Rhine

The American Army in possession of the Rhine. The above photos show the first American army trucks on the road between Coblenz and Bonn, on the left bank of the Rhine.

The lower photo shows the vanguard of the American Army of occupation crossing the Rhine at Coblenz, one of the gateways to Germany, occupied by the Allies, in accordance with the terms of the Armistice.

Doctor Alma B. Dunford, the Pioneer dentist of Utah, who came to this state in 1856, when but a boy, died suddenly of heart failure, at a theatre, on Saturday night, February 1. He had an active life and was well known throughout the state. He crossed the plains before the establishment of railroad facilities; he formerly traveled from one end of the state to the other, performing dental work.

The Sinn Fein Assembly, met at the Mansion House, Dublin, Ireland, on January 21, and declared the independence of the Irish republic, passed resolutions demanding the evacuation of Ireland by the British garrison, and chose delegates to the Peace Conference, at Paris, which delegates were later not recognized, and would not be, by the peace conference unless they declared themselves subjects of the British Empire. Government authorities did not interfere with the Sinn Fein meetings.

The first German National Assembly was opened at Weimar, in the Royal Theatre, February 6, the purpose being to establish a Republican form of Government and to elect a president, Herr Fredrich Ebert, Socialist, was elected president of the new republic, Feb. 11. Thirty-six women were elected to the Assembly, and met at Weimar to help in the formation of laws for the New Republic. The Democratic and Spartican sections were almost daily in a clash in Berlin, and there were occasional street-fighting, and rioting in general.

The First Presidency deemed the health condition sufficiently improved to order regular Fast meetings, held on Sunday, February 2, the first since January 6, following this date the resumption of all Church gatherings began on Sunday, February 9; the Salt Lake Temple opened for regular work. Monday, February 3; quarterly conferences were suspended, however, until further notice, and it was understood, that where health conditions were not regarded as satisfactory, presiding officers were to exercise their own discretion, in the matter of holding public meetings.

President Wilson's Russian program, which has been accepted by the peace conference, recognizes the absolute right of the Russian people to direct their own affairs, without dictation or direction of any kind from outside. The Associated Powers do not wish to exploit or make use of Russia in any way. They recognize the revolution and will not give countenance to any attempt at a counter-revolution. They will not favor or assist any of the organized groups now contending for the leadership and guidance of Russia as against the others. All the groups in Russia were invited to meet with representatives of the Allied Powers in the freest and frankest way, with a view to ascertaining the wishes of all sections of the Russian people, and bringing about, if possible, some understanding and agreement by which Russia may work out her own purposes, and happy co-operative relations be established between her people and the other peoples of the world. The representatives of the Russian groups and the associated powers were to meet at Princess Island, Sea of Marmora, about the middle of February.

Some "Interesting Indemnities." "Homer Y. Englestead, son of Mr. and Mrs. Brady Englestead, Mt. Carmel, Kane county, Utah, recently wrote his sister to the effect that when he comes home he will bring two little comrades who were not in his company when they went across to France last July," writes D. D. Rust, of Kanab.

"After training at Camp Lewis, Corporal Englestead crossed the Atlantic in thirteen days with a convoy of thirteen ships, reaching Europe

without a sign of a submarine to molest. He is a member of the 348th Field Artillery. They were put in training for three months in France, and then, October 26, were ordered forward. On November 6, they arrived in Brocourt Woods, and on the 11th were ordered to the Front lines. At eleven o'clock they were ready to move when the message came that the Armistice had been signed. If the war had continued 36 hours longer they would have been firing on the 'boche.'

"We have visited the Argonne Forest,' writes Corporal Englestead, 'and many other places on the front. We will certainly have to hand it to the boys who drove the Germans out of these places. They had been there since 1914, and some of the dugouts were forty to fifty feet deep with regular towns under the ground, with electric lights, steam heat, and railroads connected with the barracks. They never intended to be run out.

"I was at Verdun. That is nothing but a ruin, on top. The underground city has not been damaged. They have enough supplies there to last 30,000 men two years. You cannot wonder that the Germans tried so hard to take it.

"We next move to Germany. We go up through Belgium to within fifty miles of Cologne. I have often wished that I might get to see the great Rhine river. Now I have the privilege.'

"Many soldiers returning home will tell a similar story, they were ready to fight, but the Armistice came before they had a chance to get in. But they must be content that their duty was completely done. If they cannot bring back the 'helmet,' they will bring other 'indemnities' quite as interesting. The splendid development from their training and the experience that can only come from travel among places and peoples of the world,—these are some of the indemnities. And the esteem and affection for our neighbors across the sea will be of everlasting value, and above all, the little children, such as Corporal Englestead is bringing home. Their father gave all he had to give for his country; they have no near relatives who can take care of them, all are gone. They are glad to come with the big-hearted Yankee soldier, and this is his greatest 'indemnity,' the affection of little children."



Corpal Homer Y. Englestead, Bat. D. 348th F. A. American E. F., and his "Living Indemnities"

The Railroad situation in the United States may be judged from the fact that Walker D. Hines, the new Director-General of railroads, asked for a supplementary appropriation by Congress of seven hundred fifty million dollars, to enable the railroad administration to finance the Federal railroads, until the end of 1919. The railroads, in 1918, under government ownership and unusual war conditions, earned two hundred fifty million dollars less than in 1917, and about the same as in 1915, says a Washington dispatch. Six hundred and thirty six million dollars chiefly due to wage increases, were added to operating expenses.

President Woodrow Wilson, left France on the fifteenth of February for the United States, on the steamship George Washington. He spent Sunday, 16th at rest, and in reading wireless digests of newspaper opinions and expressions in congressional circles, regarding the constitution of the League of Nations, which had been made public a day or two, before his departure from France, and printed in full in the papers, February 14. The executive council of the proposed League of Nations, will consist of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, together with representatives of four other states.

Two Utah service flags were presented to the state, at exercises, held at the State Capitol on Lincoln's birthday. The one flag represented the army, and the other, the navy and marines. The leading address was made by Chaplain Brigham H. Roberts; the flags were presented by the War Mothers of Utah, to the state, to perpetuate the spirit of devotion, honor, patriotism, and sacrifice which the state heroes displayed in answering our Country's call to arms. Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, president of the War Mothers Society, made the presentation speech, followed by Governor Bamberger, who made an address of acceptance on behalf of the state. The legislature, on the same day, the 110th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, convened in joint session in memory of the martyred president, and were addressed by Will G. Farrell, president of the Salt Lake Rotary Club.

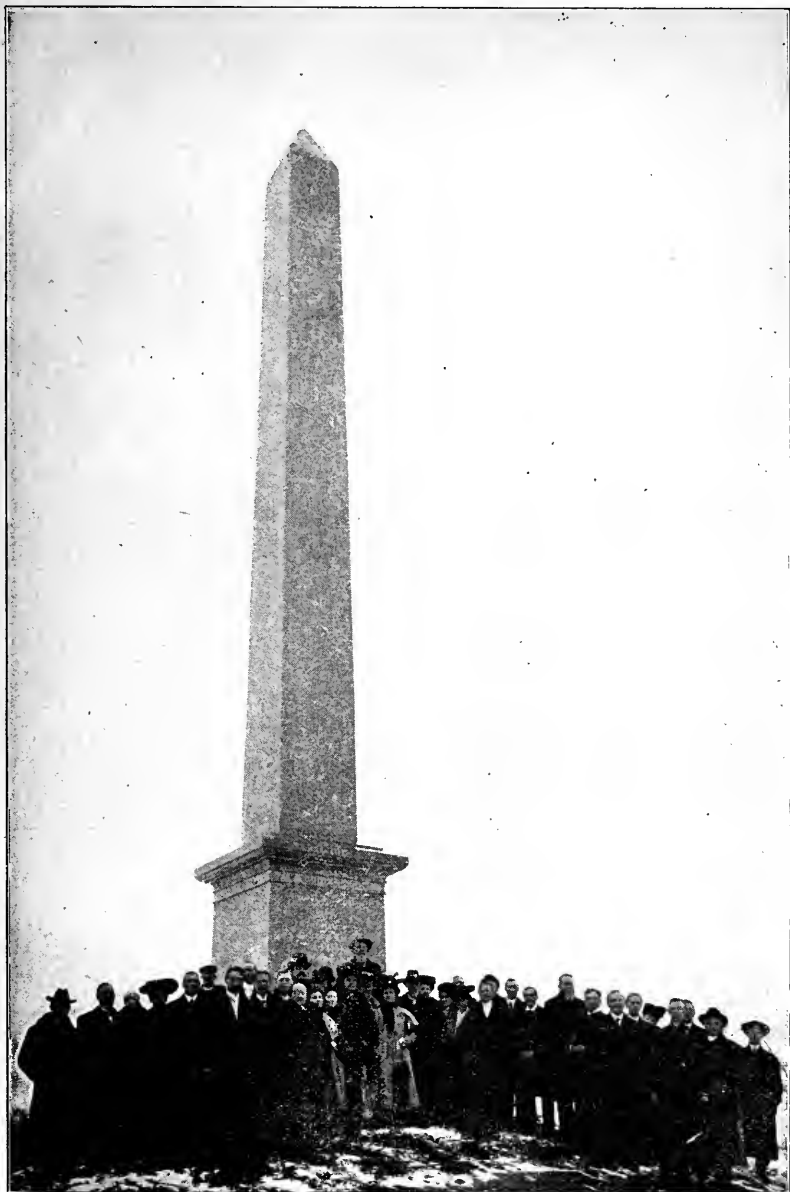
Composition of Utah Irrigation Waters—The Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has just issued a publication, Bulletin No. 163, entitled, *Composition of the Irrigation Waters of Utah*, by Dr. J. E. Greaves and Prof. Hirst. In the 44 pages of the pamphlet, 254 analyses are given representing the important sources of irrigation waters throughout the State. Thirteen streams, eleven wells, and two reservoirs, were found to contain soluble salts reaching the danger point. Nearly all streams at their source are ideal for irrigation purposes, but the total amount and kind of salt is greatly augmented by the influx of drainage waters as the stream proceeds downward. Some soils are already heavily charged with alkali salts, and waters containing soluble salts must be used on such soils with extreme care. Thirteen streams, including Sevier, Price, and Emery rivers must be used with care on all soils to prevent the accumulation of the alkali salts. The work of analysis is characterized by the usual thoroughness of Dr. Greaves and Prof. Hirst, recognized as authorities in their line. Utah has been in need of just such information for many years. Valuable suggestions as to the best methods of handling injurious waters are also given. Free copies of this publication may be obtained from the Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.



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**The Joseph Smith Monument, Sharon, Vermont, the day
of its dedication, December 23, 1905.**

Richard H. Wells, laboring as a missionary in Hawaii, writes: "Like most missionaries I derive much benefit from the *Era* for myself, and through it I am able to do much good to others. I pray for its continued success."

Books received: *Manners for Boys and Girls*, price \$1.50, by Florence Howe Hall; *A Little Sewing Book for a Little Girl*, price 75 cents, by Louise Frances Cornell; *A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl*, price 75 cents, by Caroline French Benton; *Three Boys in the Indian Hills*, price \$1.50, by W. S. Phillips; *Teaching a Child Patriotism*, price \$1.00 by Kate Upson Clarke; *Famous Discoverers and Explorers of America*, price \$1.50, by Charles H. L. Johnston. These books are all published by Page & Company, Boston.

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